

# The Critic

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"A tardy attempt to deal honestly by one to whom just and honourable treatment has been so long denied."—PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

# RUSKIN'S WORKS

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. THE AUTHORIZED (BRANTWOOD) EDITION.

### CHARLES E. MERRILL & CO., Publishers.

We beg to announce that we have concluded arrangements with Mr. Ruskin's English publisher, by which we shall hereafter be the only authorized publishers in America of Ruskin's books.

Of the Brantwood Edition of Ruskin's Works (the only edition published in this country with his consent, and from the sale of which he derives a profit, fifteen volumes, each containing special introductions by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, are now ready. The illustrations have been prepared under the author's personal supervision, and the type, paper and style of binding are in accordance with his suggestions.

The unillustrated volumes—including "Sesame and Lilies," "Time and Tide," "The Two Paths," "Munera Pulveris," "The Ethics of the Dust," "Modern Painters," Vol. II. (in two volumes), "A Joy Forever," "The Queen of the Air," "Lectures on Art," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "The Eagle's Nest,"—will be sent, postpaid, for \$1.50 per volume, and the illustrated volumes—including "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Val d'Arno," and "Aratra Pentelici"—for \$2.75 per volume.

"Ariadne Florentina" (beautifully illustrated) and "The Stones of Venice" will be ready in a few weeks.

Ruskin's Poems, now first collected from original manuscript and printed sources and arranged in chronological order, with biographical and critical notes by W. G. Collingwood, M.A., uniform with the other volumes and constituting a part of the Brantwood Edition, have just been published under the new copyright law in two volumes, \$1.50 each. The volumes are bound in dark green cloth. Size 5x7½ inches.

All English editions of Ruskin now in print are kept in stock or will be imported at short notice.

From Prof. Norton's Introduction to "The Seven Lamps of Architecture":—"Most of the American reprints have been ugly volumes, and their ugliness has been enhanced by cheap and inferior copies of the original illustrations.

"At length an edition of Mr. Ruskin's principal works, of which this is the first volume in order of publication, is to be issued, in a style approved by him, and from the sale of which he is to derive profit. It is a tardy attempt to deal honestly by one to whom just and honourable treatment has been so long denied, and to whom so large a debt, alike moral and material, is due."

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*The Chicago Journal*:—"An Honest Ruskin! But it is curious to reflect that whatever helpful instruction and whatever ethical inspiration the majority of his American readers have taken from his writings has been derived from a polluted source, for all hitherto existing editions of Mr. Ruskin's works have been of the pirated sort—unsanctioned by their author and bringing to him no remuneration. It would doubtless do a man good to read the Bible, even if he had to steal it; but if he were the kind of person to whom moral ideas appeal, he would not be likely to get very far in the perusal without feeling a little uncomfortable about the manner in which the book was acquired.

"It is therefore a great satisfaction to be able to announce that an authorized edition of the works of Mr. Ruskin will soon be obtainable by American readers, and the thought that the volumes have been honestly come by will doubtless add materially to the satisfaction with which they will be read. And this forthcoming 'Brantwood' edition (New York: Charles E. Merrill & Co.) is not merely authorized, it is substantially Mr. Ruskin's own edition. Furthermore, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, the intimate friend of Mr. Ruskin, is to provide each volume of the American edition with an introduction descriptive of its purpose and of the circumstances under which it came to be written."

*The New York Independent*:—"Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has undertaken to write an introduction to each volume. This will lend the edition (the 'Brantwood') an exceptional value, as Mr. Norton is very chary of his written words; and is one of the very few men among us whose judgment in matters of art and letters is of sterling worth. The books will be produced in binding, print and paper in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's own designs."

*The Literary World, Boston*:—"In simple elegance this new edition deserves, indeed, to be approved by him, and, with the aid of Prof. Norton's introductions, it will undoubtedly commend itself to the taste, as well as to the conscience, of American disciples of the great art-critic who has taught our generation so sound a gospel."

*The Christian Union*:—"One great attraction which this edition will possess for the lovers of Ruskin will be its series of prefaces by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the lifelong friend of Ruskin, and one of his most intelligent and discriminating students in this country, who possesses, in addition to these peculiar qualifications, a fine literary instinct and a clear and attractive style."

*New York Mail and Express*:—"Each volume will contain an introduction written expressly for it by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who adds to his intellectual fitness for this labor of love a lifelong friendship with his author."

*The Chicago Tribune*:—"The first edition of Ruskin's works published in this country by his authority is the Brantwood edition which Charles E. Merrill & Co. have ready to-day, and which bears their name on the title page. . . . Heretofore the only edition of Ruskin within the means of a moderate income was the unauthorized American reprint of —. Of course, the American reprint does not compare with this edition of the Merrills and it is only a few cents cheaper. Then there is a moral satisfaction in buying an 'authorized' edition of a book that is worth more than the difference in money."

*The Churchman*:—"If this volume is a specimen of the rest, we must say that the Brantwood edition is the only fitting presentation of Ruskin's beautiful writings. The present edition is authorized, and in every way to be admired. We thank Messrs. Merrill & Co. for giving it to America."

*The Boston Daily Traveller*:—"The announcement made some time since of an authorized American edition of Ruskin's works, made by the well-known publishing house of Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York, was received by the literary public with satisfaction—a satisfaction that is heightened by the appearance of the first two volumes of the edition, 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and 'Time and Tide.' The American public is to be congratulated upon being able to obtain an elegant Ruskin at a moderate price. Of the mechanical execution of these volumes too much praise can hardly be spoken."

*The Congregationalist*:—"It is pleasant to know that the form of this edition has been approved by Mr. Ruskin, and that its sale will profit him as well as the American publisher."

*The Critic*:—"It is a long-delayed but highly appreciated compliment to America, that Mr. Ruskin has at length permitted his innumerable admirers here to follow his thought in an 'authorized' edition of works long since classic and perennially fresh. It seemed as if Westminster Abbey were about to close over a great heart without this graceful act of recognition, if not of reparation, and as if American eyes were always to gaze on Ruskin's enchanted gardens through casual glimpses and crevices of the wall. At length, however, Mr. Ruskin has consented to be 'Americanized'—to the extent, at least, of having a business representative in the United States; and the result is a series of volumes faultless in type, delightful in manufacture, and as unpretentious in externals as those Arabian houses which, without, present simply surfaces of plain wall, but within are all dazzling with play of flower and fountain. Each light, manageable volume is clad, like Robin Hood, in a robe of dark-green: within all is white, clean, pure, beautifully distinct and clear—a gem and a charm of print and leaf."

*The Christian Advocate, N.Y.*:—"Indeed, we can say with emphasis, this 'Brantwood' edition meets a public demand. Mr. Norton's introductions, though brief, are lucid and to the point. Everything in way of type, paper, and binding has been done to make this new edition acceptable to the reading public."

*New Orleans Times-Democrat*:—"The pirated editions through which Americans have made the acquaintance of this author have added to the outrage of robbery, the insult of cheapness and ugliness in the matter of paper and binding, and the reproduction of illustrations. All these injuries receive an atonement, somewhat tardy, it is true, but gratifying to all parties, in the neat binding and beautiful type and paper of the 'Brantwood' edition."

*The Scottish American*:—"They are published under the general name of the 'Brantwood Edition,' and each volume might be accepted as an example of the highest form of book manufacture in America. The cost of the volumes is reasonable."

*The Chicago Journal*:—"In the introduction to 'Time and Tide,' Mr. Norton makes the following note: 'In reading this volume again, for the purposes of this introduction, after many years in which I had not looked at it, I was surprised and touched by a mention of myself in a passage that I had entirely forgotten. It touched me the more because it is the expression at once of friendship and of difference of opinion. Mr. Ruskin's friendship has, for much more than half my life, been one of its chief sources of happiness. It has been constant, in spite of frequent wide diversions of judgment, and all the stronger because of the freest utterance of them on both sides. He, alas! will probably never see these words, or should he be able to look at them, may derive no pleasure from them. It is not with any such hope they are written. But for the sake of others who have not known him as I have known him, I would declare my conviction that no other master of literature in our time has more earnestly and steadily endeavored to set forth for the help of those whom he addressed whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely; or in his own life has more faithfully tried to practice the virtues which spring from the contemplation of these things and their adoption as the rule of conduct. The passage referred to is that in which Mr. Ruskin speaks of 'my American friends, of whom one, Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, is the dearest I have in the world.'"

*The Albany Evening Journal*:—"The printing and paper are all that could be desired, and that is a great deal to say, for this Sesame and Lilies is one of the few books which cannot be read too often. If every young girl in the country could possess a copy and read it twice a year, it would be for the good of society."

*Public Opinion, Washington*:—"It is beautifully printed and bound, and that long-time friend of Ruskin, Charles Eliot Norton, contributes an explanatory introduction to each volume. The present volumes are the first of the edition, and attract the eye at once by their chaste and fitting garb. Ruskin is passing away, but his work will live in the lives of all generations, and will help displace sham, falsity, untruthfulness and every other evil, by sincerity, purity, love and every other grace."

*The Sunday-School Times*:—"The new authorized American 'Brantwood' edition of Ruskin's works is much more satisfactory than its predecessors in this country, none of which has been a creditable piece of bookmaking."

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# The Critic

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## Literature

### Wendell's "Cotton Mather"\*

FOR THE SUB-TITLE of this book, 'The Puritan Priest,' doubtless many readers would think 'The Puritan Prelate' might be substituted,—so well established have become our traditions of the most renowned of the Mathers: traditions perhaps strengthened, since the appearance of Tyler's 'American Literature,' by its author's vivid alignment of the Mather Dynasty. But this new and faithful examination of a stormy, self-torturing career makes it evident that priest and not prelate is the fit appellation. Dr. Cotton Mather, though in temper the most autocratic of his race, held no undisputed sway. His proud and armored spirit, humbling itself to none save Jehovah,—self-elected to be His familiar, even as Abraham and Moses had been of old,—found barriers that pent it in, and against which it beat in vain. It was freest and most potent in his early prime, while his father Increase was also at the height of influence. Apparently from the day when, in the flush of youth and denunciatory zeal, he strode his horse and harangued an awe-stricken throng at the hanging of George Burroughs on Salem hill, both his secular authority and his power to maintain the stern Hebraic law and ritual in the Old Colony grew less and less. To the end of his life he found himself more or less a suspect, criticised, hampered, gainsayed, by the laity and his sacerdotal peers; slowly but surely, to his grief and bewilderment, getting farther away from his inherited rights as the chief exponent of the ancestral creed and New England's spiritual potentate.

He found himself, while keenly alive to his prerogatives as the flower of theocratic generations, lacking real advancement; forced, after all, to take refuge in his learning, subtlety, mysticism, and in what Prof. Wendell analyzes as the 'histrionic insincerity of priesthood that brings to unhappy men the Divine sympathy of priests.' One soon discovers that Mr. Wendell is a master of paradox: it is his natural method of getting at a radical truth. In using it for honest needs, rather than for effect, he is original and gives his style a decidedly specific flavor.

Dr. Mather, then, even in that colonial period, was an anachronism. He incurred the obloquy of many who advanced beyond his creed, and in whom his vanity and egregious manner bred a hearty antagonism. And he died after experience of foiled ambitions, grievously baffled, it is clear, in never securing the Presidency of Harvard—which his father held for sixteen years. He saw that college dangerously liberalized, and was driven to strengthen Yale as the citadel of the true faith, where a glorious defence could still be made—the outposts having been sapped if not taken. Yale College—how would the Doctor estimate her now?—can never forget that to Cotton Mather's influence she owed a helpful endowment and a name. Meanwhile, after every rebuff and humiliation, and in the domestic tragedies that shrouded his later years, he went to his closet like the men

of old, and wrestled with his Puritan God. He invariably restored his wounded self-respect by comforting entries in the diaries begun in youth and assiduously kept up—despite the labor of writing some hundreds of other volumes—throughout his life. To an acquaintance with his pangs and ecstasies we are skilfully led by the present biographer. We enter into his secret thoughts; we know him, his people, his time, as not even he or they could have known themselves.

The projectors of the Makers of America Series hardly could have placed him in better hands than those of the accomplished Assistant Professor of English at Harvard. Mr. Wendell brings to his task, his first of the kind, an exact method habitual from university work, and the instinct of a New Englander steeped in the culture and traditions of the Mother of American learning. He has had recourse to the diaries and other MSS., largely unpublished, held by Historical and Antiquarian Societies, and to those in private keeping. It is greatly to be regretted that the outcome is restricted to the narrow limits of a volume in the present 'series.' What we obtain makes it probable that, if given fuller scope, the author would have produced a very notable biography. As it is, Dr. Mather was not without wisdom in his careful provision for the illumination of after-centuries, that the annals and relics of so forceful a being might not perish from among men.

With respect to Mather's share in the witchcraft tragedies of 1692, and his homicidal belief in the activity of Satan and his fiends throughout New England at that time,—as set forth in the 'Magnalia' and 'Perentator' and the diaries,—Prof. Wendell has ideas which he presents briefly but with much effect. These are not at all inconsonant with the note of our closing century, or with the chances of the next century's demonstrations. They are certainly suggestive now that we are already familiar with 'More Wonders of the Invisible World,' which even Robert Calef, for all his cool-headed traverse of Matherian credulity, would not be able to gainsay. Our biographer not only accredits Mather with absolute honesty of conviction, but thinks there may have been scientific ground for the confused statements and charges of the 'afflicted,' young and old, in Salem. In the light of ancient and modern instances, and of our psychical research, he is not prepared to deny that there were at that time, and may now be, sensitives who do 'hear a voice' and 'see a hand' beyond ordinary hearing or seeing. He would look upon these as less developed natures, retaining the senses of archaic progenitors—senses akin to those of brute creatures whose quality of sight and hearing is certainly different from, if not finer than, our own. The latter-day psychologist and evolutionist more readily will believe that mankind is to acquire the future power of taking in what is now imperceptible to us; that we are ever approaching the spiritual sensitivity which is 'all touch, all eye, all ear.' The theosophist will aver that certain adepts already have reached that goal. But Prof. Wendell, if we mistake not, is the first of historical writers to take the view that the witchcraft declarations are not to be repelled altogether as born of malice or delusion; that there may be conditions all about us which are entirely within nature, yet not discoverable by the normal perception of the average man. What he says upon this topic is of singular interest and affords new hints for discussion.

On the whole a graphic portraiture, largely from his own pencil, is given of the voluminous Mather—a Cambridge prodigy in youth, both of piety and learning, and of a disposition to exercise those attainments for the regulation of less-favored mortals,—a disposition which possibly is even yet not without exemplars in the places that once knew him. We see him from first to last endowed with the Puritan second-sight, familiar with apparitional imps and angels, ecstatic as Swedenborg or Böhme; of implicit credulity in his father's 'Remarkable Providences,' and with an imagination so inflamed thereby that he unwittingly became in character, though not in power, a type of the egotist, the

\* Cotton Mather: The Puritan Priest. By Barrett Wendell. 75 cts. (The Makers of America.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

tyrant and the bigot. With no more appreciation of the comic than Sewall exhibits, he writes of himself and his surroundings with grotesque fidelity. His present chronicler, while rarely dilating upon the ludicrous side of his meditations, must have chuckled now and then, if not unblest with humor, while leaving that so manifestly to speak for itself. But Prof. Wendell usually remembers that he holds a brief for his subject, and discharges his trust becomingly.

Indeed, the distinctive result of his labor is that he has shown Cotton Mather not alone as history thus far has shown him: not merely, on the one side, as the most loquacious pedant, yet in truth most learned scholar, of his time; not merely as the egotist, the mystic, the theocrat, the promoter of the Salem trials; nor yet merely as the author of that unique, quaintly inclusive, survey of his compeers without which none can fully comprehend the early and middle colonial periods; but he has set before us a man who may in justice be absolved from the charge of obstinate bad faith and concealed recognition of terrible mistakes. He has taken us into Dr. Mather's sanctuary and patiently laid bare the chambers of his heart, wherein even his unflinching credulity invests him with something like heroism. He has conceived of the Puritan priest as sincere to the last, as one who died a good man, going to his grave stricken but not cast down. It was 'a good man,' he enables the reader also to believe, 'whom they buried on Copp's Hill one February day in the year 1728,' just as he had rounded the sixty-fifth year of a defiantly militant pilgrimage.

#### Parke's Corroboration of Stanley \*

ANOTHER VOLUME concerning the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, by one of the officers! Here again the whole story is told from beginning to end. This is the scientific side of the history. The author is Dr. Thomas Heazle Parke, who wears gracefully after his name a long list of medical honors and titles. Evidently a learned physician and surgeon equipped with all the skill of the moderns, his own narrative as well as the books which have preceded his show him a hero of the sort we call antique, but that really is immortal. It is no narrative polished to order on the study-table, nor struck off like a coin from the die as was Stanley's, but the plain, unmanipulated diary, which grew day by day, that is here reprinted. Added to it are scientific papers and the reports of experts upon the curious spoil from nature's three kingdoms brought home from Africa. Here is a gallery of original impressions and instantaneous sketches. Besides being supplementary to Mr. Stanley's volumes, the experiences at Ipoto and Fort Bodo are here told for the first time.

After a lively introductory chapter on his life at Alexandria, as an English army surgeon, the author tells of his journey to Cape Town, and thence to Leopoldville, and to Ipoto. All along the way one is struck by the marvellous capacity for thievery displayed by the Africans, as well as with the perfect willingness of the white man to lay the stripes on black hide. Indeed, one naturally recalls the terse remark of the slave woman in Virginia in the old days 'befo' the War,' when, after wearing out the lashes, she remarked 'Well, if you can furnish the whips, I can furnish the hide.' The author gives dark pictures of the natives, and exposes their cannibalism. He interjects an interesting chapter on bacteriology, and then narrates the incidents on the march from Fort Bodo to the Albert Nyanza and the famous meeting with Emin. Four chapters describe the life at Fort Bodo. After bravely sucking the arrow-poison from his companion, like a true devotee of science, Dr. Parke, by means of a pigmy woman, whose confidence he secured, obtained the ingredients in the forest, and furnished a report concerning the noxious mixture. Its certain fatality to man

is its chief characteristic, but the pigmies have also a sure antidote to it. The story of the rear-column, of the treachery of Emin's people and of the march to the sea, while not calling for special mention is full of graphic incident. Dr. Parke fully corroborates and justifies his chief, believing that no other living man but Stanley could have led the expedition to consummation as he did. The frank, straightforward style of the author is very pleasing, and makes one believe more than ever in manhood and its possibilities. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated and well indexed. A map is found in the pocket at the end, and Dorothy Stanley contributes two pretty baby figures which are genuine studies in white and black. The portrait shows a man capable of all things noble and fitly prefaces the narrative.

#### Miss Edwards's "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers" \*

THE PHARAOHS are of the ancient yesterday, and the explorer is of to-day, but the fellahs are in Egypt forever. Yet there is one who sympathizes with and interprets them all. Turning from her work as novelist, from her chosen task of the study of the living men and women of her generation, Miss Edwards has found a deeper fascination in the men and women whose 'fresh hearts failed three thousand years ago.' The secret of her interest lies in the fact that Egypt, at its known beginning, was a highly civilized country. Her men and women were cultured, and their thoughts are found recorded or expressed in art and literature, in stone and portraiture, in personal decoration and household adornment, in temple and sacred symbol. Egypt's first footprint on the sands of time is that of a sandal. The dead things cast out by the spade, the wonders of the resurrection wrought by the explorer, have power to touch even a novelist's imagination more than do the breathing human beings of our own generation. Miss Edwards repeatedly insists on the particular point, that Egypt was civilized at the dawn of history and that, properly speaking, there was no prehistoric time in Egypt that we can intelligently reconstruct. She places herself sharply athwart the opinions and writings of Dr. Andrew D. White, who in *The Popular Science Monthly* has been constructing or evolving an interminable 'Warfare of Science.' In her eight or nine pages of notes, which we confess to having enjoyed fully as much as her text, she argues, as Dawson does (note 5, page 24), that the large numbers of ancient Egyptian flint weapons and implements 'do not indicate what is understood as a Stone Age, since they all belong to historic times.' 'Flint was not superseded by bronze where flint was equally effectual.'

This sumptuous volume, bound in orange and gold, richly illustrated and delightful to the outer and the inner eye, contains the substance of the lectures which Miss Edwards delivered in America. Hence the pleasant, easy style, that relieves reading of all weariness, and imparts something of the rush and flow of spoken discourse when the eye takes the place of the ear. The lectures have been recast, and with large additions, notes and references bring down the story of life, death and resurrection to date. Like a page of romance is the tale of the explorer who comes with beating heart to one of the thousands of mounds with which flat Egypt is embossed. His skill in selecting, half by experience, half by instinct, the particular bump on the cranium of mother earth, and in opening and removing the contents, his absorption and intense interest, the varied qualities required for success, are noted in graphic sentences. One reads with moistened eyes the revelation of the once beautiful Greek maiden whose long coil of her own black hair lies on her breast, while her copy of Homer forms a pillow for her head. We enter the house of the potter, the scarab-maker, the jeweler, and feel that we could ourselves easily write a novel concerning each. Rich food for the imagination lies

\* *My Personal Experiences in Equatorial Africa.* By T. H. Parke. \$6. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* *Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers.* By Amelia B. Edwards. \$4. Harper & Brothers.



on every page. It may be that Miss Edwards herself often romances with her facts. Indeed, we think that sometimes she does; but we can easily forgive her. How anyone can save his imagination from being kindled into a blaze by these voices from the dead, the faces of these moderns of ages past, is more than we can understand. One must become a salamander or lock himself up in a fireproof safe, not to see the piercing eye, respond to the earnest gaze, be ready to answer the lips about to part and speak, or feel the rise and fall of the swelling bosom. One almost expects, as he handles the necklace or finger-ring in the museum case, to feel the warmth of neck or finger or see the moisture glisten.

With fancy corrected by constant study of the originals, careful scanning of texts and study of the works of explorer and decipherer, Miss Edwards writes of the buried cities. Her picture does but retouch that of Jeremiah's of Pharaoh's House in Tahpahnès. While a few of her reproductions of ancient secrets appear at best like only the crawling exhalations made by rubbing the wall-scratches of phosphorous matches, others seem so startlingly clear that one might suspect forgery and yesterday's cunning, were not the evidence of verity overwhelming. Her chapter on portrait-painting in Egypt is a revelation. Her treatment of the origin of portrait-sculpture and the history of the Ka is at least ingenious and suggestive. Egypt she declares and proves to have been the birthplace of Greek decorative art. Chapter VI., on the literature and religion of ancient Egypt, is a book by itself. Hieroglyphic writing, and Queen Hatsatsu and her expedition to the Land of Punt, occupy each a chapter, and each subject is ably treated. One fact is incidentally but convincingly brought out in this book, and that is the permanency of the original racial types of mankind. 'There is not a face in the whole series [of the Fayum portraits] which we might not meet any day in the streets of New York. Evidently, also, the Egyptians were one of the elect peoples of the earth. Calvinism, with its doctrines of predestination, election, reprobation and other theological "points," seems to have been captured by science, for its doctrines are now preached in the pulpits of evolution. If a man wants to be a Calvinist at heart, he must now leave theology and become a geologist or biologist. It would seem also that Egyptology, with its manifold voices, preaches in substance the same dogmas, showing in the earliest of ages the same election to glory, fame, honor and civilization of certain Mediterranean races, and the subordination or degradation of the non-historic, unlettered or brutalized races of men that even yet have not emerged into the glorious liberty of the Egyptian, Greek or modern European.

Of the volume in all its splendor of raiment and equipment, we need say nothing. From the speaking portrait of the handsome author straight through to the index, this King's Daughter among books is brought to the reader in goodliest array.

#### Dante's "Eleven Letters"\*

PROF. NORTON is not only fortunate in his own Dante studies but fortunate in inspiring others with a love of this great and difficult yet wonderfully childlike and natural author. Next to being inspired himself is the inspiration with which a teacher can transfuse his pupil. Usually the divine fire is incommunicable except by contagion, the touching of torch to torch. Happy the teacher whose torch—and touch—is so full of light that he cannot help kindling his pupils. In this way those great Athenian *lampadephoroi* ran on moonless nights from the lighted altars of Prometheus to the Acropolis, taking fire from each other and winning prizes in honor of Athena, Pan and Hephæstus when they had reached the goal.

\*Dante's Eleven Letters. Translated by C. S. Latham. With Notes and Comments. Edited by G. R. Carpenter. With a Preface by Charles Eliot Norton. \$1.50. (Student's Edition.) Houghton Mifflin & Co.

These 'Eleven Letters,' so excellently translated and so fully annotated, have a pathetic interest of their own that does not belong to the original. They recall the legend of the Gate Beautiful and the cripple that lay beside it when the shadow of the Apostle fell over him and called him back to life. Up to 1883 Mr. Latham, the author of these translations, had been a Harvard student full of health and vigor and famous for his physical activity. Suddenly he was stricken down by complete paralysis of his lower limbs and robbed of all the enjoyments of youth. He struggled on, however, and in 1888 took his degree. The year before Dante had dawned on him as a great and precious study, a tonic against adversity, a poet who himself had suffered nameless and numberless things; he resolved to make a specialty of him under Prof. Norton and to compete for the Dante Society's prize by turning into English Dante's letters, with historical comments. This he did, chained to his bed as henceforth a perpetual but cheerful invalid, borrowing books from the Harvard Library, working hard in the intervals of illness, consulting and corresponding with his teacher, and at last, under immense difficulties, finishing a work so comprehensive that, when it was submitted to the committee, the author did not have vitality enough left to await the verdict. He sank and died in 1890, too soon to know that the coveted prize had been unanimously awarded to him. His friend Mr. G. R. Carpenter prepared the MS. for publication and Prof. Norton sends it into the world with a touching preface.

The 'Eleven Letters,' generally brief in themselves, contain a mass of allusion which Mr. Latham has explained with fullness and lucidity. Italian affairs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are never particularly clear, but this lonely paralyzed student grapples stoutly with them, and drags many an obscurity into the light—politics, genealogy, ecclesiastical entanglements, parties, family history and obscure local quarrels. Dante and his work are overlaid with the busy tapestries of oblivion, and the most skilful manipulation is required to disentangle true from false. The translations are smooth and idiomatic and the commentary is copious and learned. If, as Ruskin said, Dante is the central man of the world, then every jot and tittle of him is worth preserving in as perfect integrity as that of the fabled seamless coat.

#### Morley's "English Writers." Vol. VII.\*

'IT IS EASY to find fault. Take a piece of wood yourself and try to make a better Crucifix!' said Donatello to Brunelleschi, who found fault with the carving of his friend. Old Vasari relates this anecdote of the great rival Florentine; and it might with propriety be applied to those who prod Prof. Morley with depreciatory criticism. His great undertaking has now covered one-third of the journey through its twenty volumes or stages. The present volume is near the intellectual equator-line that is all alight and aglow with the internal fires of the Reformation. It begins with that new Greek life which poured into Italy in a golden stream from the gates of Constantinople and filled the fifteenth century with the mighty movement called the Renaissance. The Crusades had warred and wept and sung themselves to sleep; Provence had risen among her roses and filled all the Dark Ages with the sweetness of her poems; Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer had carried on the Revival through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, each floating on the stream in a frail barque laden with the marvellous new life, and making light about them equally with those splendid Medici. The Church had coarsened into a huge animal that needed an infusion of Platonism to save and reform it. Greek studies made their appearance at Oxford like a benign epidemic, and diffused themselves through England under the teachings of Latimer, Grocyn, and Lilly. Erasmus jested; Sir Thomas More indulged in amiable and love-

\*English Writers: An Attempt Towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. VII. From Caxton to Coverdale. \$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.

ly philosophies; two wonderful discoveries—that of Printing and that of America—widened the horizon infinitely; and the soul sailed forth on her spiritual voyages never again to be hampered by hawsers. Within ten years of each other (1474–83) Ariosto, Michaelangelo, Raphael and Luther were born, and into a world new from the foundations, representing and summing up in themselves the two great mediæval races, Italian and Germanic, with all that they contained of concentrated moral and artistic force. For no age could any longer be called 'dark' into which these men had existed. The air was full of light, of exhilaration, of hope, of promise. Far away England felt the pulsation and the quickening, as flowers feel it deep in a pit under focalizing glass that somehow gathers warmth and fertilizing fluid from the very darkness and drops it down into the nourishing calixes below.

Of the fruit and foliage of this period Prof. Morley gathers much in Vol. VII.; of flowers there are not many yet. The fourteenth century in England was particularly the century of silent advance, of moody growth, of herbaceous and leafy fibre, in preparation, a hundred years later, for that extraordinary flowering which ran riot over Elizabeth's espaliers, in Tudor gardens, among the battlements of knights and the bowers of ladies, till its climbing roses fairly climbed to Heaven in Shakespeare and shook down the innumerable rose-leaves of the Elizabethans. There have to be lands of promise and preparation before there are lands of fruit; the subterranean earth-worms must work before there is a soil. The fifteenth century in England was this laboratory of preparational forces getting ready for a higher and earnest time soon to come. It is the age of Caxton, of several of the great Bible translations, of Gavin Douglas and the early Scotch rhymesters, of Sir Thomas Elyot, Tyndale and Coverdale. In this period Lord Berners wrought out his quaint translation of Froissart, and translations generally were the order of the day. Up in the North a thorny Scotch-dialect poetry, cactus-like in its uncouthness, sprang up among the lochs and castles, rarely blossoming into anything like sweetness or beauty but gradually amalgamating the guttural Scotch aspirates with the soft lute-tones of Burns and Sir Walter. Morality Plays flourished in their pragmatic, passionless way; and the wit and humor of the times concentrated in the brilliant acid of Erasmus and the sparkling titillating water-of-life of Sir Thomas More. It was the age, too, of dry chronicles like Fabyan's or Hall's, and men were too busy burning and being burnt, in this martyr-age of Cranmer and Latimer, to care much about grace of style or copiousness of invention. The East thundered and lightened with Luther; and the West echoed in long reverberations what was going on at Wittenberg and Worms.

All this Prof. Morley brings out as graphically as he can, the sole fault of the book being the fragmentary way in which certain great and luminous lines running through it are presented to the reader not in completeness, in one place, but in bits and digressions. The seams of the chapters are thus made visible, and a broken and perplexing lack of continuity vexes the reader, who would rather have an integral whole.

#### "The Cruikshankian Momus"

'THE CRUIKSHANKIAN MOMUS, by the three Cruikshanks, Isaac, Robert and the Great George,' is part of the elaborate descriptive title of a quaint and curious book without which no future collection of caricature or facetiæ can be reckoned complete. It consists of fifty-two popular ballads, jokes and broadsides, with reproductions of the colored designs and vignette illustrations by the Cruikshanks. There is no preface, but we plunge at once into the middle of the fun with Dibbin's 'Bachelor's Hall, with a fox-hunting sketch, colored, and an uproarious fox-hunters' dinner by Isaac Cruikshank. Next comes George Colman's 'The Barber's Wedding,' similarly illustrated, with all Billings-

gate in the tailpiece. Then we have 'The Greenwich Pensioner,' mug in hand and wooden leg in air; the 'Honest Tars and Mariners of the Argonaut' fishing up shillings from their breeches' pockets, with which to drive the enemies of old England into the sea, whence it is to be presumed they were afterwards called upon to expel them; the same jolly tars and their doxies loading down a blue stage-coach, 'All Alive at Portsmouth'; 'A Good Joke,' a country parson sent home with his face to his horse's tail; 'Captain Morris's Celebrated Drinking Song,' with the author at the head of the table in scarlet and several decanters on the table, in ditto. His sound philosophy, reiterated at the end of each of eight stanzas, is 'to fill his glass again.' Soldiers, and sailors, the latter usually adorned with wooden legs, flourish tankards of ale, bid farewell to their sweethearts, dance hornpipes or hobble about on crutches in many of these pictures. The stage Irishman appears once in 'Paddy McShane's Seven Ages.' 'Country Life Contrasted with the Pleasures of the Town' is by the philosophic Capt. Morris, and is illustrated by the 'Great George' with a coach-full of frightened folks, their coachman drunk on his box, and a crescent moon taken from a Turkish standard, to show how visits were made in the country in 1807. In the picture to 'John Grouse and Mother Goose' we have the interior of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in 1808, with wooden benches in the pit, the orchestra puffing and blowing under the footlights and Mother Goose with her bird on the stage. 'The Mulberry Tree,' 'The Little Chimney Sweep,' the Cobbler and the Poet, 'Tom Tack's Ghost' and 'A Bull in a China Shop' are the titles of some of the remaining ballads and pictures. Elliston, praised by Charles Lamb, is shown in the character of Sylvester Dangerwood, singing a comic song about 'Bonaparte' in which every third word is in italics. In 'The Beautiful Maid,' another of Lamb's favorites (Liston) flies like mad through his kitchen, while the cat upsets the crockery, and the pot, tipping over, scalds the cook and spoils the gravy. 'Jolly Grimaldi,' in painted face, frogged coat, and stove-pipe hat, sings 'All the World's in Paris.' The Prince Regent with his waistband up to his chin, the Duke of York in a mitre and the Duke of Clarence in a sailor suit appear in 'The Royal Masquerade.' The humor is very broad and the color very brilliant in these caricatures of life in England from 1791 to 1839. The late illustrations, as those to Harrison Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard,' are copied from lithographs. The coloring is by hand. The book, very handsomely printed, appears in an edition of 520 copies.

#### Loring's Year in Portugal \*

THE PRAISE or the blame of Portugal has been in the mouth of few Americans. That little-known country has usually been left to Englishmen or Frenchmen to laud or denounce, as the mood struck them, or as the traveller happened to be the brilliant Beckford, the witty Crawford, the delightful 'Pilgrim of Eternity,' or the dazzling Gautier. The chattering magpies have not chattered much about the land of Camoëns and Da Gama, of Inez de Castro and the Sailor Kings, except as a sort of appendix to Spain apologetically padding out certain histories or historical travesties of the Peninsula. And yet, as the author of the book before us truly remarks, Portugal was hardly less responsible for the overthrow of Napoleon,—to instance only one event from her history—than Russia herself; for it was between these two millstones,—one small and hard as a diamond, the other huge and glowing as a planet,—that Bonaparte was ground to powder. Sir Arthur Wellesley,—the inexorable Wellington,—managed the intricate machinery, with Portugal as its pivot; and the grinding process simply became a matter of time.

To this remarkable little kingdom Dr. George Loring, recently Commissioner of Agriculture, was sent as Minister

\*The Cruikshankian Momus. Illustrated by the three Cruikshanks—Isaac, Robert and the Great George. London: John C. Nimmo.

\*A Year in Portugal: 1889-90. By G. B. Loring, late U. S. Minister in Lisbon. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.



by President Harrison, and thither he went in the summer of 1889 armed with his commission. He had not been there long before he discovered (like the present writer) that Portugal has one of the most delicious summer climates in the world, resembling the springtime of Lower California. The land is as mountainous as the Adirondacks and it is cooled by the perpetual sprinkle and sparkle of the Atlantic, while its beautiful scenery and tropical luxuriant vegetation place it at once among favored Southern Edens. It is an old-fashioned corner of Europe, too, which has stood the shock of change itself unchanged, as its granite coasts are stormed and thundered against unavailingly by the angry seas. The American Minister found it full of reverence, intelligence, kindly feeling, and ancient ceremony; huge convents and richly carved churches threw open their cloistered and pinnaled hospitality even on many an almost abandoned highway; and great and stately palaces and monuments beautified the plazas of Lisbon and the banks of the Douro and the Tagus. In the course of the year the accomplished Shakespeare-loving King—Dom Louis I.—died, and was gathered to his fathers with all the august ceremonial of the House of Braganza, and the golden-haired daughter of Victor Emmanuel, his wife, became a widow. The stepmother of this King, bymorganatic marriage, was the Boston contralto whose beautiful voice had attracted Dom Ferdinand, his father—Miss Hennsler. Dr. Loring is agreeably received at Court and moves easily and delightedly among the high-born dames and cavaliers forming its charmed circle. He summers at Cintra,—that earthly Paradise fit for the pilgrims of William Morris, which is second in beauty and richness and arabesque memory only to the Arabian and much-arabesqued Alhambra. Indeed, of these two enchanted spots perhaps Cintra is the lovelier on account of the sea, while Granada has only the silver and glittering Sierra. Both are saturated with Moorish dyes, rich in bloodstains, purples, and blacks, and over and around both trail legends as fantastic and graceful as the bands of Cufic hieroglyphics that cut such exquisite antics in the decorations of Moorish mosques.

As a former Commissioner of Agriculture Dr. Loring examines minutely into the agrarian and stock-raising statistics and state of Portugal, and finds much to admire, especially in the sturdy breed of native horses. He likes the Portuguese. Everywhere his narratives are interspersed with interesting and observant *résumés* of national history, which help the reader as he skims along the graphic pages. These pages, simple, sober, authentic, are better than the witty lines of Crawford, the brilliancies of Beckford or the pictorial 'effects' of Gautier.

#### "England in the Eighteenth Century"

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY in England contrasts so strongly with the nineteenth in manners, in modes of locomotion and in its entire tone of thought, that it seems less near to us in time and in sympathy than the age of Louis le Grand or indeed that of Augustus. England passed from the more brilliant atmosphere of the Stuarts into one of German mist, and, in many ways, of German stolidity. The stupidity of the race upon the throne was reflected in the stupidity of the mass of the English people. After the reign of Anne whatever was done in literature was done despite the open or concealed indifference of the ruler; certain it is that whatever may be the merits or demerits of the Georges, the first two conferred no benefits worth mentioning upon the Republic of Letters. This stolid calm was not confined to the domain of literature; it was, if anything, more marked in other directions. As we read of the manners of the average country gentleman, of the swinishness into which many of them had degenerated, the orgies of eating and drinking, the impassability of the highways, the brutal sports which were the delight of peer and peasant alike, and of the myr-

iad strange phases of city and country life, it is plain that our century has advanced immensely from the last. And when we reflect upon the apathy of the Church and the general aridity of poetic and philosophic thought, we cannot fail to rejoice that our age is not that of Samuel Johnson.

Yet there are many directions in which England displayed the qualities of a great nation. Who can forget Quiberon or Minden or Quebec? Who can think of England without seeing the figures of Burke and Chatham and Pitt? The years in which the second George adorned the throne may be characterized as constituting the period of greatest stagnation in social and sociological progress. Superstition, fanaticism and indifference prevailed in place of rational piety; the greatest noble in the kingdom went armed against the footpads who infested the streets and suburbs of the Capital; bull-baiting and cock-fighting were the delight of men high in office; gentlemen with three bottles beneath their belts spoke grandiosely in Westminster Hall, and afterwards retired to White's to gamble away a fortune before morning. The profligacy of the age was not so extreme as that of the time of Charles II., but it was coarser. If Charles was not a saint, he was at least a gilded sinner who affected elegance even in his greatest excesses. But George II., having no taste for elegance, and withal the most penurious of souls, did not conceal his vulgarity beneath a polished exterior. The age was hopelessly vulgar, from the King on his throne to the laborer in Northumberland. It may be that the real man appeared more distinctly than he does now, but let us be thankful that civilization has made it meritorious to conceal what offends the eye and the taste.

This long preamble has its only excuse in the virtual impossibility of selecting from Mr. Sydney's admirable work on 'England in the Eighteenth Century' any chapter which is less interesting than the other, and which could give the reviewer his wonted opportunity. The book is an admirable one, and is perhaps the completest picture of eighteenth century life in England that has come before the public eye. From first to last the reader finds his attention attracted and his interest compelled, and at last the book is laid down with a regret that it is not longer. Among the chapters most highly entertaining we might select for special perusal that entitled 'Popular Credulities.' Here is to be found a vigorous account of the prevalence of superstition, and especially of the persistence of the belief in witchcraft. The last chapter treats of the Fleet Chaplains and Fleet marriages. Here we find ourselves veritably in Alsatia with its records before us and its rascality unveiled—though sometimes written in Greek letters, as here: '19th μαρτυρηθ αι βαλλε I had a *Shulliny Eor stanδiny χληρχ*.'

#### Theological and Religious Literature

MR. IVAN PANIN, who may be remembered in Boston as an evangelist and lecturer on Tolstoi, has attempted, by means of arithmetic, to demonstrate the verbal inspiration of Scripture. In a neat volume of about two hundred pages, entitled 'The Structure of the Bible,' he illustrates his peculiar theory. According to this, the incidents, speeches, parables, sections and whole books of the Bible have each a distinct number of words, which number is made up of multiplications of cubes and squares. The holy numbers of the Bible, such as three, seven, ten, twelve, forty, etc., are in such mystical and actual relation to the words used by the inspired writers, that the 'law' discovered by Mr. Panin holds infallibly and proves the verbal inspiration of the Bible. Certain 'key words,' selected by the author, 'obey this law'; and indeed Mr. Panin has a happy faculty of choosing a class of facts that prove his point. Evidently he has not made himself familiar with that voluminous literature of Biblical mathematics, in which 'laws' equally wonderful or even more so have been again and again 'discovered.' Seeming to be as wonderful as those which Piazzi Smyth discovered in the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, they will influence mankind as little. The same theories could be made to prove a great many other wonderful facts, the revelation of which is of no manifest importance to anyone or anything. After elaborate counting, his marvellous nests have been discovered to contain such amazing treasure, that Mr. Panin in a chapter on the identity of Bible law and natural law leaves the domain of Talmud-

\* England in the Eighteenth Century. By William Connor Sydney. 2 vols. \$5. Macmillan & Co.

like mathematics and enters the realm of religion, politics, science and letters. For example (one of a hundred) he shows us that the number 1760, the date of Mozart's birth, is 'the combination of the first square and the first cube with eleven taken five times; thus: 1760 is  $(2 \times 2) \times (2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 11) \times 5$ . Yet even then what has he discovered? He says (p. 105) that 'further research will yet reveal the presence of some law also among the small remnant of words that as yet do not seem to obey the law.' Possibly so; but meanwhile critical students, who are eagerly searching after all data for a true induction from fact to theory, will not cry 'Eureka!' on reading this book. To us it seems an elaborate waste of time and a play of count and figures which yield nothing to science. The Talmudists and scores of Christian speculators have been in the same line of endeavor since long before A.D. 1891. (Grafton, Mass.: Gospel of Christ Print.)

A MEMORIAL in the form of a collection of twenty-two sermons of the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby will be welcomed by those who knew him as a preacher and as one of New York's first citizens, an accurate scholar, an ardent temperance reformer, a kind, strong man and steadfast friend. Instantly entering into the subject, with no waste of words, compact as a bullet, well-aimed and speeding straight to the mark, each of his sermons went home without loss by windage. Conservative in theology, but at heart radical when he believed radicalism was the best form of truth, Howard Crosby sometimes puzzled his friends, yet they never doubted his absolute honesty and transparent courage. Printed directly from the rapidly written original manuscripts, these sermons show the man. Those who knew in the flesh this lion-like Christian and protector of the weak and poor, will find pleasure in linking memory to understanding as they read. 'The Christian's Attitude in a Wicked City' has the ring of a true Christian soldier. Other discourses, on giving, grace, God's walk with us, and obedience to God's law, are practical, earnest and full of the fruits of continued exegetical study of the Book. (\$1.25. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

THE REV. JAMES WELLS has endeavored to break 'the spell of non-Christian thought' by showing in his 'Christ and the Heroes of Heathendom' how defective was the instruction the classic world received from its great teachers 'Æschylus the Theologian,' 'Socrates the Reformer,' 'Plato the Prophet' and 'Epictetus the Saint.' The book first appeared in 1886 and is now re-issued. It deserves a wide sale, for it is excellent. Its price is only 40 cents. In idea it resembles Farrar's well-known 'Seekers after God,' but it is characterized by more sobriety. It consists of five chapters: four bear the titles quoted above and the last that of 'Christ and His Competitors.' In each of the first four is presented an interesting sketch of the subject, then an analysis of his moral and religious teaching. The impression is deepened on every page that heathendom at its best was inferior to Christendom at its worst, in this respect, at least, that in it was no certain light on the problems of life and duty. This is important to know in these days when the Light of Asia is covertly slipped alongside of the Light of the World and the idea is that the light of the world has been somehow increased. The truth is that in Christ we find a clear authoritative statement of truths heathendom guessed at or stated in uncertain wise. Yet we rejoice that the heathen came as near the truth, and that so many proved themselves acquainted with the 'essential Christ.' Mr. Wells's book has been translated into Welsh and Bohemian. It has a good index. (40 cts. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

'THE OLDEST DRAMA IN THE WORLD,' according to the Rev. Alfred Walls, is the Book of Job, and this is probably true if it was written in the time of Moses. Mr. Walls does not decide the question of authorship and date of composition. He furnishes, however, a readable introduction of ten pages in which he writes luminously of the characters in the piece, the theme (which is that of divine Providence), Job's trial, the scenes, etc. An analytical table and one of *dramatis personæ*, together with a bibliography, complete the apparatus for study of this ancient writing, and then we have the text beautifully arranged in the order of a modern drama. The prologue stands by itself and the verses and connectives, such as 'The Lord Said unto Satan,' 'Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite,' etc., are printed as references or notes at the foot of the page. Various additions in brackets and italics, inserted by the author, aid the sense and reading, and add greatly to the literary and dramatic force. The illustrations are scarcely worthy of notice. The editor's work is well done, and the little book is a notable addition to the increasing library of helps to the understanding of the Biblical dramas. (Hunt & Eaton.)—

'WHAT IS REALITY?' is the title of a good-sized volume, attempt-

ing to prove the validity of religion and of spirit as spirit, by a conscientious but somewhat labored mental process of critical analysis and construction. Winding through the mazes of philosophy, science and theology, it arrives naturally at a God evolved from the conscious, finite understanding, fashioned in the image and after the likeness of man, or as the author puts it, a Being, in nowise free from limitation, 'who, though infinitely greater in all his attributes than man, is yet one, who, like man, must use means for the attainment of his ends.' We doubt if this conclusion will be satisfactory either to the believer or the unbeliever, and yet Mr. Johnson's book may prove valuable for its earnest study and conviction to those who would still claim for the methods of human reason and intellect the infallibility which they deny to the supreme source of this reason and intellect. (\$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. W. R. SCOTT's well-considered and neatly written little essay, entitled 'An Introduction to Cudworth's Treatise Concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality,' strives to awaken so much interest in Cudworth's treatise that a new edition of it may be undertaken with some assurance of success. We hope that the author will reach that object. At all events, his essay, which also contains what is known of Cudworth's life and some critical notes, gives so precise an account of the position Cudworth occupies in the history of English thought, that it can hardly fail to draw many readers to the treatise itself who hitherto have felt satisfied with what they knew about it from the general history of English philosophy. The little volume has a great resemblance to what in Germany is called a *Doktordisputats* and would rank among the best of them. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE REV. ALFRED KENNION offers a new irenicism to stop the alleged warfare between science and religion. He entitles it 'Principia; or, The Three Octaves of Creation,' and may really have something important to say; he may, indeed, have said the last word in the controversy between Genesis and Geology. But a careful reading of the introduction and a glance through the volume failed to render the author's drift comprehensible and life is too short to be spent in trying to find out what something that seems very much like elaborate nonsense may mean. (5s. London: Elliot Stock.)

THE REV. CHARLES GORE, whose essay on inspiration in 'Lux Mundi' made such a stir, was Bampton Lecturer this year and chose as his subject 'The Incarnation of the Son of God.' The subject is abstruse, but the treatment is not. Indeed, the absence of learned references and the readability of the book differentiate it from the ordinary Bampton Lecture, which is manifestly a great expansion and elaboration of what was read. Though the doctrine of the incarnation forms one of the most inaccessible heights of Christian speculation, the author of the present book has never forgotten that it is also the most vital point of Christian faith, and it is from that side of the question he approaches it. The book addresses itself to the general reader and not to the theologian in particular, and treats its subject as it would any other question of philosophy, starting from experiences and gradually arising through analysis from fact to idea. If we were to give preference to any single lecture or lectures, they would be Nos. I., III., and VII. In the preface the author indicates that there will follow another volume, treating some recondite points in a more elaborate manner. The preface, by the way, closes with an allusion to the grip, which is perhaps the only allusion to the dreaded malady in theological literature in modern times. It says: 'The influenza made it necessary for me to prepare these lectures for the press at a distance from libraries, and thus made me dependent upon much external assistance.' Lectures so prepared are apt to be imperfectly prepared. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

#### Recent Fiction

'THE FAITH DOCTOR' is the first of Dr. Edward Eggleston's stories in which he has essayed to depict phases of the complex society of the metropolis of New York, using society in its general, not in its narrow sense, for in no country has the merely society novel less reason for being than in ours. The prevailing interest in mind-cure, faith-cure, Christian science, and other sorts of aerial therapeutics, has supplied a motive for this story, but the primary purpose is artistic, not polemical. The book is not written to depreciate anybody's valued delusions, but to make a study of human nature under certain conditions. The evolution of a society man in the person of Charles Millard, the manner in which he takes hold of his own career and bends and shapes it as he pleases until he places himself where he has always longed to be, and the development of the character of the man in the different stages through which he passes on the road to success are extremely well executed. Just as all this has led you to expect a great deal of the book, however, the structure begins to tumble:



the motive apparently is not strong enough to support it. Interest begins to flag at this point; the men and women are not human enough to make the reader care very much about them, and the conclusion is decidedly tame and ordinary. The book contains one perfectly successful character, a Miss Bowyer, a Christian scientist, who is an admirable take-off on her kind. The propositions which are put into her mouth sound like burlesque, but might in reality have been taken verbatim from the writings of those who claim to be expounders of Christian science. The subject is treated with perfect fidelity and artistic truthfulness, and if it hurts the feelings of those who are the victims of their own generous enthusiasm it cannot be helped. The enormous amount of fraud in all this cannot be too rigorously exposed, nor can any amount of ridicule heaped upon it be deemed unjustifiable. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

ADA PEMBERTON, the rector's daughter, marries one of 'Mr. Chaine's Sons' though she loves some one else much more, because this someone else is poor and so is she, and John, however rough and unattractive he may be, has money and can take care of her. Their married life is not an especially pleasant one, and it closes temporarily for John in a cloud of shame. He is supposed to have murdered some one, and, though he is innocent, he allows the imputation to rest upon him, and goes to Australia, whence the report of his death soon comes. His widow, thinking herself free and in possession of his money, turns to her old lover. They become engaged and are about to be married, when the real murderer confesses the crime and John, hearing it, comes back from exile alive and well. Why he has carried another's guilt upon his own shoulders for so long is never very clearly explained. At home again he finds himself involved in endless disputes with his brother, a hardened villain, who seeks to defraud him of his inheritance, on the one hand, and a still younger brother of his sweetheart, on the other. Ada, who forgets her lover in her admiration for her husband's character as it is at present revealed to her, helps him to thwart these schemes and make everybody happy. If all English novelists would not send their heroes to Australia and then send back false reports of their death one might enjoy their books more. This story is by W. E. Norris. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

THERE IS NOT very much substance in the little stories that compose a volume by W. E. Norris called 'Mysterious Mrs. Wilkinson,' but they are pleasantly written, and one at least, the first one, which gives its name to the book, is decidedly fresh and original. 'Mysterious Mrs. Wilkinson' does not choose to account for herself to London society, consequently it jumps to the conclusion that there is something wrong about her and she must be treated with suspicion until she can be investigated. One man is very much in love with her, or thinks he is, and consults his friend about proposing to her. The friend advises him to wait until he can himself make the individual's acquaintance and pronounce upon her. He lays out a plan of action, congratulates himself upon his diplomacy, and leads Mrs. Wilkinson on to the point of telling him that he is her only friend. He soon finds that he is in love with her himself and, regardless of his obligations to his friend, proposes, only to be told with a laugh that his little game has been perfectly transparent from the first, and that its only result was to make Mrs. Wilkinson decide that he should offer himself in marriage to the woman he imagined he was investigating. (30 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

ONE OF THE STRONGEST stories that Barbey D'Aurévilly ever wrote has been translated and introduced by Edgar Saltus under the title 'A Story Without a Name.' The story begins just one day prior to the French Revolution in a village at the foot of the Cévennes. The people figuring in this strange tale are a mother and her daughter and an old family servant brought from Normandy. This last is of no consequence; the other two demand our sole consideration. The woman accuses the girl of a crime, one of which she is apparently guilty, but of which she is in reality innocent. She protests her innocence, but the other will not believe. She has the evidence of her senses, she cannot doubt them. She tries every means, coaxing, entreaty, threats, to induce a confession, but nothing moves the girl except to a reiteration of the statement she has made from the first. Neither has ever possessed the confidence of the other; an absolute silence falls between them now. It is the silence of two corpses in the same bier, but of two corpses that are not dead, and it becomes the most insupportable of all the things they undergo. They are pitiless to each other, atrocious both of them in their resentment. They are embittered, the one at her inability to extract anything from the obstinate child who is her own; the other at the injustice and cruelty of her mother. The

girl dies of it at last, and then the mother discovers the truth, knows that her child was innocent, and that she hounded her to her death. It is a horrible story in all its features, but it is most powerfully conceived and executed. Mr. Saltus' introduction is entirely worthy of the book. He gives a little sketch of D'Aurévilly and an estimate of him as a writer to which he is fully entitled. (50 cts. Belford & Co.)—ANOTHER translation, from the French of Emile Souvestre, called 'A Workman's Confession,' comes to us as very indifferent reading beside D'Aurévilly. It is the story of a workman's life, of his hopes, aspirations and ideas, confined within the narrow limits of his career. He begins life by drinking like his father, but resolves to do better, and becomes a sober, industrious father of a family. (80 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)

'A VILLAGE GENIUS' is the life of a real personage attired in the garments of fiction. Rochus Dedler, the author of the music still sung at the Oberammergau Passion Play, was born in 1779 and died in 1822, and the incidents of his life from his boyhood to his death furnish the material for this little volume. Dedler's music is still so highly valued by the people of Oberammergau that nothing will induce them to change it for a more modern style, and the score is not to be had for love or money. This story of his life is intended more for children than for grown people, but on the whole seems better adapted to the latter. It is interesting, but the style is rather mature for little people, and would probably necessitate too much explanation. It is written by M. Bramston. (90 cts. Thos. Whittaker.)—'THE KNIGHTING OF THE TWINS' is by Clyde Fitch, and a most delightful collection of little tales it is, the kind that the children will probably demand to have read to them over and over again. It is divided into two parts. The first consists of five tales telling a consecutive story of a large family of children, all the things that happened to them, and all the people they cared about. The second contains six detached stories, one of a little girl who supported her mother and herself by posing as a model for the artist, and five others equally interesting. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

'WITH My Friends' is a volume of short stories written by Brander Matthews in collaboration with H. C. Bunner, Walter Herries Pollock, George H. Jessop and F. Anstey. The two first of these, in which Mr. Bunner assisted, were published in 1884 by the Scribners, in a book called 'In Partnership.' In their present form the stories are introduced by a charming essay, written in Mr. Matthews's best vein, on the 'Art and Mystery of Collaboration.' Here he gives the very best reasons in the world why stories should never be written in collaboration, proves conclusively to the logical mind that it is all a mistake and that such products are only the curiosities of literature, and by a careful résumé of all efforts in this line plainly demonstrates that their success is confined strictly to the drama. He says it is curiosity which lends interest to many a book written in collaboration, the reader being less concerned about the merits of the work than he is with guessing at the respective shares of the associated authors. This being undoubtedly the case and he being well aware of it, why did he consent to furnish specimens for this chamber of literary horrors? Mr. Matthews has a marvellous talent for saying something in the beginning of his books which makes his readers go on to the end. No one who has seen it will ever forget the preface to the 'Pen and Ink Sketches'; in its way it is great. So every one who reads the introductory essay in this volume will also read the stories to find out why, such being his views upon the subject of collaboration, he ever consented to write stories that way, and, having done so, whether the stories prove or refute the theories in the essay. Any one who has read the papers on subjects of more or less importance comprising the 'Pen and Ink Sketches,' and the critical essays on the 'French Dramatists' and the 'Theatres of Paris' will know it is not an exaggeration to say that the essay on collaboration is worth the price of the book. It is not necessary to take the stories into consideration. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)

OF ALL THE books for the young that have come to us this winter, none has seemed more interesting and admirable than Miss Jane G. Austen's story of the Pilgrims called 'Betty Alden.' What Whittier and Holmes and Longfellow have done in verse, to perpetuate and deepen impressions of early American life and to endear to us the memories of our heroes, Miss Austen has done in her former book, 'Standish of Standish,' and this tale of the first-born daughter of the Pilgrims. Spontaneous in its humor, deep and true in its feeling, absorbing in its details of that quaint, primitive life, individual in its characterization, accurate and discriminating in its historical data,—it is not a book written for the holiday season only, but one that will be a permanent contribution to American literature and a delightful record of those brave times

for 'grown-ups' as well as for young people. Few nations can place their fingers on a special date or point to a handful of people and say 'Here was our beginning'; and yet so saliently does that little band of people who came over in the Mayflower represent all that we as a people strive for, and so heroically did they suffer for the ideal they believed in, that they have come to embody in our minds all the larger civic and private virtues that ennoble a state. It is to Miss Austen's honor that she has given this glowing account of their domestic life without lessening the dignity with which historical perspective has surrounded them. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S 'Among the Camps' is a volume of four short stories for children, the scenes of which are laid in Virginia during the War. The cleverest of these is unquestionably 'Nancy Pansy.' It contains a specimen of child nature that is simply delicious. Nancy Pansy is quite the feature of Middleburgh, where she has spent most of her small life driving about in a buggy with an old doctor who adores her. A regiment of Federal troops is quartered in the village, and the inhabitants treat the officers and men in a manner which makes their sojourn most uncomfortable. Nancy Pansy brings about a much better state of affairs, however. She and her doll are rescued from a drunken soldier by the captain of the company, she is taken into camp to have the doll repaired, and from that moment the soldiers are her willing slaves. She has a bad attack of measles, everyone thinks she is going to die, and when at last she recovers the regiment gives her an ovation and presents her with a magnificent doll brought all the way from the North in time for Christmas. It is a gem of a story, and in its freshness, spirit and fidelity to child nature leaves nothing to be desired. The scene in the camp when, perched in a large arm-chair, she relates her adventure to the admiring soldiers, and marches home escorted by the regiment carrying most of their small possessions, which they insist she shall accept as souvenirs, is inimitable. The other three stories are good and will interest the little people greatly, but we have dwelt at length upon this one because there seems to be something unusually appealing in it. No one can resist Nancy Pansy's fascinations. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'THE STORY OF FRANCIS CLUDD,' by Stanley J. Weyman, deals with the times of Bloody Mary and with the efforts of a boy of high aims and noble character to throw off the influence of the people with whom he is surrounded and lead a purer and better life. His uncle, a dignitary of the Church, wishes to enlist him in his service, and the boy, not knowing the man with whom he is dealing, responds eagerly to his overtures and enters with enthusiasm into the work laid out for him. He soon discovers the true nature of this work, and everything that is good in him rises in revolt. He makes several ineffectual attempts to escape from his uncle's clutches, and at last one of these efforts is successful and he finds that he is free. His troubles do not end here, but he retains his high ideals and works for the good of those around him always. Most of his time is spent endeavoring to bring a gang of desperadoes to justice, and when he has finally done so and they are about to be punished he finds that the ringleader is his own father and he is obliged to save him. The story ends happily, of course, as all such stories of thrilling adventure are apt to do. (\$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.)—IN 'THE SHIELD OF LOVE,' by B. L. Farjeon, a woman marries a man to whom she is devoted. For a time she is happy, but after a while her husband begins to drink and gamble and ends by deserting her entirely, leaving England and going off to the Continent, where she loses sight of him altogether. An evil influence comes into her life in the shape of a man who loves her and wishes to separate her from her husband if possible so that he may stand some chance of ultimately winning her himself. He pours false stories into her ear continually and then persuades her that her husband is dead. He paints her future in the blackest colors, assures her that she is penniless, and tries to induce her to throw herself upon his generosity. She resists for a long while and is at last rewarded by hearing that the whole thing is a lie. Her property has not been lost and her husband, who is not dead after all, comes back repentant, and she forgives him, insisting that she has been protected all this time by the shield of his love. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

SACHER-MASOCH represents a name and nothing more to the majority of English readers, though his first novel was published in 1866 and he has since that time achieved a European reputation. He was born at Lemburg, the capital of Austrian Poland, is the son of an Aulic councillor of Galicia, and it is among the Gallician peasants that his work has all been done. Strong in his personality and broad in his sympathies, it has been to him

a pleasant task and his labor has been fruitful; he has lived to see better times among these people he so loves. Small wonder then that he should write about them always and in the tenderest possible manner. The book which has been chosen to introduce him to the English-speaking public is called 'The New Job,' and in it he shows himself a student of nature in the broadest sense of the term. He trusts his sufferer to carry us into a land full of sunlight and shadow, to fascinate us by his simple-heartedness and to refresh us by his fine morality, hoping that when we part from him we will feel a tugging at our heart-strings and marvel how it is that he has crept so close to our affections. The volume has been translated by Harriet Lieber Cohen.—'FATHER STAFFORD' is a ritualist of the deepest dye, with most extreme views upon the celibacy of the clergy, the confessional, and all other questions involving the pomp and ceremony of the church. He thinks the monastic life is the only one for a priest, and remains in the world only because his duty seems to point to his using all his influence for good upon the people around him. He is invited to make one of a house party in the country, and he accepts, still in pursuit of his idea of doing good to his fellowmen. There he meets a very beautiful and a very clever woman who looks upon him as a novel specimen of the *genus homo* and as offering a very amusing field for experiment on her part. Before one can take time to consider how it has happened, his views upon the celibacy of the clergy undergo a radical change, a woman's beautiful face blows all the mighty traditions of the Church to the four winds, and he is at her feet, an abject slave. She has never taken him seriously, however, and when she marries the man she really loves, the young priest goes off to the Continent and closes his career in a monastery, from which place he writes a most touching letter of congratulation to the bridal couple. (50 cts. each. Cassell Pub. Co.)

'EUROPEAN Relations' is an exceedingly pleasant little Tyrolean sketch by Talmage Dalin. An Austrian count quarrels with his family, changes his name and comes to America to live. Here he marries and dies, leaving a wife and two children—a daughter nearly grown and a little boy. The family go abroad in obedience to an invitation received from the head of the family who lives in the old feudal castle in the Tyrol. Before the time for the visit arrives they spend weeks wandering over the mountains with two friends—a man and his sister,—the man very much older than the girl whose father was his friend, but not too old to fall a complete victim to her fascinations. He looks upon himself as absurd, is persuaded the girl will laugh at him, and lets her go off to the castle without declaring his love for her. No scruples of this kind check the passionate declaration which her handsome, dashing Austrian cousin makes before he has known her three weeks. The girl confesses that she has loved her father's old friend, but as he seemed to take only a paternal interest in her she is willing at least to consider her new lover. It so happens that this conversation is overheard by the man most concerned in it. When the young couple are married he writes a new book—his greatest success—which deals with the vacillation of the human heart, and the absurdity of a man's not putting his love and his faith to the test. This little volume belongs to the Unknown Library Series, and is one of the cleverest additions lately made to it. One does not trouble oneself about the improbability of the dénouement, but is content to enjoy the mountain atmosphere which pervades the book and the unusual interest which the characters inspire. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

THE most important article in the January *Harper's* is the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé's account of 'The Neo-Christian Movement in France,' as shown in the popularity of Tolstol's works and in the tendency of most of the new generation of writers to turn to some sort of mysticism as a refuge from Voltaireanism and pessimism. The names that he mentions as chiefs of the new movement, which is not exactly Christian, but merely religious, are those of M. Eduard Rod, M. Lasserre and M. Poullhan. The movement is related to socialism and to the symbolic movement in art. It is the work of the old Gaulish spirit, revolting once more against Latin discipline. 'Canada's Eldorado,' according to Julian Ralph, will prove to be British Columbia, which is rich in minerals, fish and timber, and which boasts of a 'Gold Range,' or rather belt, of several distinct mountain systems. It also offers us a new word for a new idea, which may be commended to the attention of our millionaires. The 'potlatch,' it seems, is a great feast given to all comers by an Indian who has accumulated so much wealth that he does not know what else to do with it, and who, in this way, spends it all to the last cent, and begins life over again unhampered by too much money. The Century Club's painting of Aaron Burr as a old man has been en-



graved to accompany Mr. Walter S. Drysdale's article on his conspiracy and trial. Mr. Ralph describes at considerable length 'Our Exposition at Chicago'; Wilhelm Singer tells of popular life in the Austro-Hungarian capitals, with clever drawings by Myrbach; Mr. Howells's farce, 'A Letter of Introduction,' introduces some capital illustrations by Smedley; and Margaret Deland's story, 'A Fourth-Class Appointment,' has pictures in pen-and-ink by Dana Gibson, which are among the cleverest things in the number. Mr. Walter Besant shows us how the London of Charles the Second looked, and Mr. Horatio Bridge begins a series of 'Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne' which promises to be of unusual interest.

'Some Unpublished Correspondence of Washington Allston' in the January *Scribner's* includes a long letter written from London to a young artist friend in Charleston, in which the writer pronounces Benjamin West 'one of the greatest men in the world.' He also much admires Fuseli, Opie and Northcote. Lawrence he thinks inferior to Stuart, and the remaining British artists of that day are 'the damndest stupid wretches that ever disgraced a profession.' There are also letters to Allston from Coleridge and from G. C. Verplanck. In Mr. William F. Aphorn's article on 'The Comédie Française and the Odéon' we have portraits of M. Got, Mounet-Sully and the younger Coquelin, of Mlle. Rejane, Mrs. Dudley and Mlle. Reichemberg. In 'A Day with the Donkey Boys,' E. H. and E. W. Blashfield show how like the modern Egyptians are to the ancients, and what revelations are made by wind-blown drapery on the banks of the Nile. 'Bokhara Revisited,' by Henry Lansdell, D.D., seems to be a place of magnificent ruins and gorgeous costumes. Mr. William A. Coffin praises generously, in a paper on 'American Illustration of To-Day,' the work of Mr. Will H. Low, Mr. Elihu Vedder and Mr. Kenyon Cox. Mr. G. Santayana makes melodious petition to some god or other, he does not care which, to be allowed to praise him in some Persian garden of roses, or other place 'equally as good.' He evidently has an eye to a foreign mission where he would like to 'ease a little the soul long stifled and the straitened spirit, tasting new pleasures in a far-off country, sacred to beauty.' So should we all of us, but unfortunately there are not places enough to go around.

*Lippincott's* for January has a few pen-and-ink drawings, and half-tone portraits of Mr. Sidney Woollett, and Miss Agnes Huntington (the last a frontispiece). The pen-and-ink sketches illustrate a paper on boxing. Several of the shorter articles are critical; there is one by Frederic M. Bird on 'The Young Girl,' as pictured by Mr. Crawford and Mr. Howells; one on Delsarte *versus* Mr. Woollett, 'The Interpreter,' by Julian Hawthorne; and one on Miss Huntington, by J. F. R. Of Delsarte Mr. Hawthorne says:—'A man more fatally plausible has seldom visited this planet.' The poetry includes an essay in Scotch dialect, 'The Gudewife,' by James Whitcomb Riley; 'My Love and I,' by Albert Payson Terhune; and 'On a Blind Girl,' by John Ernest McCann. Col. A. K. McClure, who writes of 'The Editor in Chief,' claims to be one 'from away back,' and to have never been anything else in journalism. The novelette of the number is 'The Passing of Major Kilgore,' by Young E. Allison. Some of the latest books are reviewed by Julian Hawthorne and Melville Phillips in most informal fashion.

A fine portrait of Gounod in his study, with his organ for a background, pen in hand, and a decanter full of inspiration at his elbow, figures as frontispiece of the January *Century*. An autobiographical sketch of his experiences as a *pensionnaire* of the Academy of France makes very interesting reading. He begins with his journey in a vettura along the Corniche road, there being no locomotive to transport one, 'as a mere piece of luggage,' to Rome, in 1839. He writes eloquently of the impression made upon him by the Eternal City. Ingres, who was passionately fond of music, was Director of the French Conservatory at the time; and Gounod defends him warmly against the charges, so often brought against him, of narrowness and intolerance. The whole article is one to be read and re-read; it cannot be summarized in a short review. The Rev. Richard Wheatley describes 'The Jews of New York,' particularly their religious celebrations, which are liberally illustrated. Mr. Cole supplies two engravings after Andrea del Sarto to the series of Italian Old Masters. Custer's last battle is described by one of his troop commanders, Capt. E. S. Godfrey. The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley claims that 'witchcraft is at the present time believed in by the majority of the citizens of the United States.' In Pennsylvania and in the interior of New England and the Southern States witches still abound. *The Century's* practice of occasionally printing pictures which are their own excuse for being is continued with a half-tone engraving of Mr. Low's 'Dolce Far Niente'—a fair girl with a background of roses. Frank Dempster Sherman weaves a poetical 'Garland' of poets' names; Alice Williams Broth-

erton rhymes in dialect a tale of 'New Year's Eve'; and Thomas Bailey Aldrich defies death, defines art, describes the firefly, proposes a parable and hints at the possible transformation of dead human clay into living leaves and flowers. The short stories of the number are 'A Battle in Crackerdom,' by Harry Stillwell Edwards, and 'Bentley's System,' by Viola Roseboro.

### 'London Letter

SOME STRIKING VERSES which appeared lately in *The Critic* will find a response in the many hearts now mourning the untimely end of a young life full of high promise, and in deploring the loss of Wolcott Balestier, we sadly re-echo the last line of the stanzas: 'Fate's mark is the white, not the gray.'

No one who had once known this gifted young American will ever forget him. He had an unique personality. Our so-called cold English hearts all went out to him as with one accord. We could refuse him nothing he desired. His energy and his buoyancy carried with them conviction. There was about him a sparkle, a freshness, an originality of thought, and a spontaneity of wit which made his companionship the most delightful and inspiring; add to which he possessed that singular power of kindling enthusiasm and confidence, which is the supreme gift of a leader, or a prophet. Probably those who sent him to England as their representative were hardly aware of the enormous debt they owed Wolcott Balestier; and they have still to learn that to replace him will be impossible. One cannot replace such a man. When the tidings of his early death came to the circle of his English friends on that dark December afternoon little more than a week ago, those to whom he was allied most closely in the bonds of friendship were mute with speechless sorrow, whilst the less intimate were eager to unite their names with his in the public prints, and to point out to the world the loss it had sustained in the future. Having only been permitted a gleam of the remarkable talents by which Wolcott Balestier would indubitably have made his mark in the world of letters, those who can recall Lord Byron's tribute to the genius of Henry Kirke White, cut off at a still earlier age, will, I am sure, pardon me for applying here the opening lines:

While life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved its joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.\*

It was hard on Mr. Edmund Gosse, freshly smarting beneath the heavy tidings of his friend's death, to have to deliver his lecture on Ibsen before the London Institution within the next few hours; but an eager and attentive audience were not disappointed in their anticipating that they would hear more about Henrik Ibsen, his life, his struggles, his disappointments, and his successes than many of them had ever heard before. Very wisely Mr. Gosse abstained altogether from taking part in the controversy now raging round the Norwegian dramatist as a teacher; and very wittily he mimicked the different attitudes of the two conflicting parties; their ecstasies on the one hand, and their denunciations on the other. His hearers were besought to side with neither—at any rate until after an impartial study of Ibsen's work, and a clear knowledge of the motives which inspired it, should qualify them for forming a decision. It is, Mr. Gosse thinks, as an writer, as a poet, and as a dramatist that the author of 'A Doll's House' should be criticised, not as one at whose feet disciples should sit, desiring to be taught how to live and die.

A dramatist of lesser note, in the person of Mr. W. G. Wills, has passed away during the week, and though Mr. Wills has written nothing of importance for some time, we must ever be grateful to him for such productions as 'Charles I.,' in which Irving added so much to his reputation as a tragedian, and 'Jane Shore,' one of the finest melodramas of recent days. 'Olivia,' founded on some incidents in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Eugene Aram,' and 'Claudian' were also highly successful plays by an earnest and talented writer, and Mr. Wills's poem 'Melchior,' though not widely known, is much admired by some good judges.

Among books, one which is sure to meet with appreciation is 'Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' with 'select passages from her letters,' and portraits by Kneller and other artists. This new publication by Messrs. Seeley & Co. is an excellent pendant to their former ones of the same order—namely, 'Fanny Burney and her Friends,' and 'Mrs. Thrale.' In outward form it resembles precisely those earlier productions, while to my view it outstrips them in intrinsic interest. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is indeed an admirable subject for a chatty volume; her wit and vivacity have long been generally acknowledged; yet comparatively little is known about herself. In the monograph before me, just so much

\* From 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

of her life and its surroundings is described as may be narrated without prolixity, whilst her own effervescent pen is permitted to bubble joyously upon the greater portion of the pages, recalling to our memories many of the choice conceits and happy retorts which were once familiar, but which have been in danger of being forgotten.

'From Midsummer to Martinmas: A West Cumberland Idyll' is a quaint tale rendered in quaint dialect. I almost doubt the wisdom of reproducing so very closely the jargon of illiterate laboring people dwelling in remote countryside. A little of it, carefully handled, may sometimes be introduced with the happiest effect, as Scott's most famous novels bear witness,—but it must be borne in mind that Scott invariably put his uncouth tongues into the mouths of speakers who had *something to say*—some information to impart—some tale to tell—or, at the worst, some character to reveal. He never made them prate on for the sake of prating,—neither does Mr. Thomas Hardy,—neither does Mr. J. M. Barrie,—but the author of 'From Midsummer to Martinmas' gives us a good deal too much of exceedingly accurate Cumberland talk which does not further the story in hand, nor yet provoke to mirth pure and simple. All the same, Mr. Cuthbert Rigby, a writer as yet unknown, has made a good start, and exhibits some promise. He must, however, avoid the snare of a preface another time. 'The Little Minister' is simply perfect.

An unconscious injustice was done to Mrs. Molesworth, one of the best beloved—if not the best beloved—of children's authors, in my summary of this year's books for the young, in *The Critic* of Dec. 5, and also in the article 'A Harvest of Books' in *Newbury House* Christmas number. By some extraordinary omission the last productions of this charming story-teller did not reach me, and 'Nurse Heatherdale's Story' and 'The Bewitched Lamp' failed to be included in the books I should certainly have recommended as gifts, or prizes. The former is in Mrs. Molesworth's very best vein, and we all know what that is.

'Dean's Fairy-Book' appears as the companion to the 'Doyle Fairy-Book,' and good as 'Dicky's' work was, there is no palpable inferiority in the present volume; indeed, I should be inclined to say that the charming blue fairy-book edited by Mr. F. G. Green is in all respects worthy of its predecessor. It is not so large; but that is perhaps in its favour: the 'Doyle Fairy-Book' was, if anything, a very little too large. The well-known tales re-produced in the 'Dean Fairy-Book' strike me as being eminently well chosen.

Another great sale of books at Sotheby's is of interest as evidencing the high prices paid for rare and valuable editions—these prices being decidedly in advance of what was expected. The autograph sale was a failure, even autograph scraps of MSS. by special public favorites fetching next to nothing;—but large sums were given on Saturday for such volumes as 'Birds of Australia' (which went for 153*l.*) and a 'Boydell' Shakespeare (for 141*l.*); 'The Vicar of Wakefield' realized 90*l.*; and we are told this is the highest price ever paid for this book, the 'Mackenzie' copy only fetching 67*l.* Apropos, it may interest some of your readers to learn that the largest sum ever paid for a book at an auction was that given by Mr. Bernard Quaritch—the well-known collector in Piccadilly,—for the 'Psalterium,' published by Just & Schoeffer in 1459, for which unique volume Mr. Quaritch paid in 1884 four thousand, nine hundred and fifty pounds!

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

A DEAR friend of John G. Whittier passed away last week at his home in Lynn, his death following from a cold caught during a visit to Mr. Whittier on the poet's birthday. Charles F. Coffin was a Quaker well-known in England as well as in America, a man of great hospitality, and a prominent official of the State. Never has a birthday of Mr. Whittier's passed without a remembrance of affection from Mr. Coffin, and his gift of this year—a mound of fruit—was regarded as the handsomest among the substantial tributes.

One of Mr. Whittier's visitors on his birthday was Mrs. Bartlett, mother of the brave F. W. Bartlett, of whom Whittier has written. She was a schoolmate of the poet in Haverhill, and when she left his presence on the 17th inst., she voiced the thought of all in her exclamation, 'You have lived a long and useful life and have very little to regret.' Among the guests was also Mrs. J. M. Nichols, of Haverhill, and her gift was a copy of 'Mogg Megone.' It was a copy with a history. In 1836, when originally published, this little book was given by the poet himself to Eliza Brooks, the two at that time being members of a young people's club, each member of which had resolved not to marry. Mr. Whittier is the only one who has not broken the youthful vow. Miss Brooks was

the first to break it, and she became the mother of the present Mrs. Nichols.

Preston Powers, who has asked Mr. Whittier to write the stanza to be engraved below the cliff-carved Indian at Denver, sent a picture of the design he has arranged, showing the figure of the Indian with foot upon the last bison of the prairies dead at his feet. Upon the back of that picture Mr. Whittier has written these lines, intended for the cliff inscription:—

The eagle, stooping from yon snow-blown peaks,  
For the wild hunter and the bison seeks  
In the changed world below; and finds alone  
Their graven semblance in the eternal stone.

An interesting letter written by Mr. Whittier three years ago is in the hands of Mr. R. H. Howard of Franklin, and the reference bears upon the poem 'Christ in the Tempest,' composed many years ago and published in one of the school-readers of 1850, but not reprinted in the poet's collected work. Mr. Howard inquired the reason for this omission and received this reply from Mr. Whittier:—

DANVERS, Mass., Sept. 21, 1888.

Dear Friend: The poem referred to in thy letter was written by me. It was for some reason omitted by my publisher; I think because it was not thought valuable in a merely literary point of view. I had not seen it for a long time; but I have just hunted it up, and find it better than many things which are in my collected poems. The storm on the little lake may have been exaggerated; but, as a whole, the piece is not altogether unworthy, certainly, so far as the sentiment is concerned.

I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has just celebrated her seventieth birthday, and in speaking of the event narrated in a humorous strain this anecdote:—'I was at a little gathering some few years ago,' she said, 'in which were Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier. The talk turned on ages. Mr. Whittier and Mr. Holmes were then about eighty, to which they confessed. "By the way," said Mr. Whittier to me, "thou hast not said how old thou art." I was then approaching sixty-seven, and when I told them, in a sad tone, Mr. Whittier quickly replied, "Get thee along, get thee along,—thou art but a giddy girl!"'

There is another amusing incident connected with the 'Whittier season' which the relative and host of the poet, Mr. Joseph Cartland, does not regard with a smile but a frown. An interviewer talked with Mr. Whittier as he walked among the trees around Mr. Cartland's house in Newburyport, and in his dispatch alluded to his finding the author in Cartland's garden. What malignity does the night editor of that correspondent's paper display when he makes the 'garden' begin with a capital G! At once the letters that came by the dozen to the poet were changed in address to 'Mr. John G. Whittier, Cartland's Garden'—'as if,' declares Mr. Cartland, 'as if I ran a beer-garden or some public resort of that kind.'

The encouragement which Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes both give to young authors endears them to many, and one Boston poet assuredly has reason to feel pleased at the complimentary letters his work has brought out. Glancing at the proof-sheets of the second edition of Henry O'Meara's 'Ballads of America,' I read these words from Dr. Holmes:—

I am almost afraid to compliment you on your fresh and beautiful book after the flattering tribute you have paid me in your dedication and in the poem especially inscribed to me. I must, however, thank you for the spirited and variously pleasing poems which come to me in a dress which commends them to my taste and makes the new volume a most welcome ornament to my book-table. I hope that you will live to give us many more songs of patriotism, friendship, and all the generous emotions which find their fitting expression in melodious verse.

A pleasant letter from Mr. Whittier also expressed his satisfaction in reading the book.

Literary matters at Cambridge are at present forgotten in the flurry over Mr. William Lloyd Garrison's attack on the D. K. E. In one form or another Harvard's 'fast set' is being continually pulled before the public to the amusement of those who like to deride college education and to the sorrow of those more sensible people who regret this posing of the recklessness of a few men for the earnest endeavor of the great majority. Mr. Garrison, it is said, was moved to attack the 'Dickey' (as the secret society is more familiarly called at Cambridge) because of the illness of his son with scarlet fever, aggravated as the parents suppose by the initiation barbarities of this liveliest of the few lively college clubs. He calls upon the Faculty to put down the dissipation and immorality surrounding the college. Strict rules, however, will not accomplish their desired end. The only means to put down the evil which the great body of Harvard men recognize is that obtained from public sentiment among the collegians themselves. That sentiment is better exerted by argument than by force. The



chief part of the present initiation ceremonies is silly; a little of it is cruel and dangerous, a relic of hazing. But as hazing has disappeared through the influence on the better sense of the students rather than by absolute commands, so this initiation nonsense can be abolished.

A new scheme for elevating the masses is being tried here. It makes one think of an excellent art-critic, a friend of mine, who went to the Fiji Islands to lecture on art—and prospered. In fact, he has attracted so much attention that *Scribner's Magazine* is to publish several articles from his pen relating to what he saw and what he heard in the far-off land. 'But that's another story.' Here in Boston, the wealthiest citizens have allowed their valuable pictures, the works of Millet, Corot, Hunt, Lafarge, Turner, and others, to be exhibited in a school-house at the North end, that disreputable quarter of the city where every nationality abides and every crime is fostered. The collection is insured for a hundred thousand dollars. For ten days the North Enders will be allowed to see these treasures and study—if they wish it—the canons of high art.

BOSTON, December 29, 1891. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Lounger

MR. FRED. J. HALL has kindly sent me a statement of the various payments made by Charles L. Webster & Co. to General and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant on account of copyright on Gen. Grant's Memoirs. He has also shown me the checks that were paid to the General and Mrs. Grant. They are eleven in number, and amount in all to \$414,855.28—probably the largest sum ever realized by an author (or his family) from the sale of a single book; very certainly, I should say, the largest sum ever realized by any author within so short a time. And some \$3000 more will be paid shortly after January 1st! But young authors must not be dazzled by the prospect of writing a book that shall sell as well as Gen. Grant's. In order to do that they would have to become the greatest military leaders of their day and Presidents of the United States,—and even then they wouldn't come within a thousand miles of writing so successful a book as this. It was a most extraordinary combination of circumstances that gave these Memoirs their unprecedented vogue.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER from Mr. Hall will be read with interest:—'In your paragraph of two weeks ago regarding the use of our War Memoirs as premiums, and in your explanation of that paragraph in the last number of *The Critic*, you unintentionally convey ideas that are unjust and injurious to us, and to *The Cosmopolitan*, with whom, in this particular matter, our interests are identical. You speak of the Memoirs as being dead; of the demand for them having ceased; of their being "worthless timber." In our conversation with you we desired to convey the idea that the sale of these books by subscription, merely, had ceased, that method having been the only one employed in disposing of them. We have always had striking evidence of an unusually large demand for these books through the trade, especially if offered at less than subscription prices. It is this demand that *The Cosmopolitan* is now filling. You also speak of the price that we are receiving from *The Cosmopolitan* as being sufficient to enable us to manufacture new books to supply their demand "should it become necessary," and refer to our having 30,000 or 35,000 sets on hand. Now as we have permitted the fact to be broadly advertised of our having a contract with the magazine for 300,000 sets of our War books, this statement and yours above referred to are contradictory. The fact is *The Cosmopolitan* has already exhausted our surplus stock, and we are now manufacturing a new edition to meet their demands, which are increasing so rapidly as to lead us to believe that they will have used more than the number contracted for, by the time our agreement with them expires.'

THE LATE REV. MARK PATTISON, in his article on Macaulay in 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' speaking of the immense sale by the Longmans of the History of England, declares that the cheque for 20,000*l.* has become a landmark in literary history. And probably no larger check was ever made out on account of copyright, till Charles L. Webster & Co. drew one for \$200,000 and another for \$150,000 to the order of 'Mrs. Julia D. Grant.' The former, dated Feb. 27, 1886, is drawn on the United States National Bank; the latter is dated Oct. 11, 1886. Each bears the endorsement of Mrs. Grant upon its back. Gen. Grant lived only long enough to receive the first of the eleven checks, for the comparatively insignificant sum of \$1,000; but he knew that much larger ones would follow it, and this assurance cheered his closing days. It was intended to present the larger check (\$200,000) to the Players last evening (New Year's Eve being Founder's Night

at the Club) with the compliments of Mr. S. L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), who is at present living in Berlin; and I presume the presentation was made as arranged.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT of considerable interest to Americans is that of the engagement of Rudyard Kipling to Miss Josephine Balestier, the younger sister of the late Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's collaborator and publisher, to whom Mrs. Walford pays a heartfelt tribute in her London Letter this week. Miss Balestier is a charming young lady of some twenty summers, whose social début was made in London about two years ago, when Mrs. Walford presented the young American and her own eldest daughter to the Queen, at a Drawing-room. I hope the report will receive prompt confirmation. At present Mr. Kipling is somewhere on the Pacific while Miss Balestier is in London.

I COUNT THAT SEASON LOST in which I fail to hear at least one performance of 'Faust,' and that a good one; and such a one I heard on Christmas night. This old favorite never grows hackneyed with repetition, but bids fair to hold its own at least as long as the music-dramas that have pushed so many of its Italian contemporaries to the wall. More nearly than any work of its age it resembles the Wagnerian music-dramas; and to me it seems to embody all those qualities of the old-school opera that deserve to survive, together with all that is best in the thing that has supplanted the Italian lyric drama. When I cease to drink in its tuneful numbers with delight, when I fail to respond to the spirit of life that throbs in every note of the score and every syllable of the libretto, I shall realize, not that 'Faust' has grown old, but that I have. And it will be a melancholy moment, I assure you!

AN EDITOR RECEIVES a good many queer letters in the course of the year, yet few of them are queerer than the following, which one of the guild has put into my hands:—

Dear Sir, I send you today, the Story, — — —. Should you like & accept it for publication, in your periodicals, please return the valuation to yourself, by mail & oblige. Should you not care for it, return. Stamp enclosed, for reply, or return. Yours with respect, Mrs. ———.

NINETY-NINE TIMES in a hundred the critic who is asked his opinion of a bit of prose or verse by an ambitious amateur, or the singer who is besought by a beginner to pronounce upon her voice and vocalization, will flatter the neophyte and encourage him or her to persevere and succeed—and this without the slightest regard to the merit of the performance. The reason is simple enough. If you tell the young man that he is not a poet, or does not write good prose, or the young woman that better singers than she are starving in the chorus of every opera company, no matter how kindly and delicately the information is conveyed, you have made an enemy for life—or rather several enemies; for the fond parents and foolish friends of the young aspirant will hate you as bitterly as he himself. And not only will you be hated, which you might not mind, if you thought you had saved a fellow-being from a spoilt career, but your unfavorable opinion and unprejudiced advice, founded upon a lifetime of experience, will be attributed to jealousy, and disregarded accordingly. So the wise and wary old bird whose honest, professional judgment is demanded almost invariably gives the verdict that is wanted—an unqualifiedly flattering one, to wit; or if not absolutely unqualified, then with just the faintest dash of criticism to give greater zest to the intoxicating draught of compliment.

I HAVE KNOWN of one or two instances where honest criticism which happened to be unfavorable was received with gratitude. A young man had been trying for ten years to persuade himself that he had a talent for music. A professional musician—a singer—happened to hear him practising one day, and told him that his ear was not accurate. He laid down his violin at once and has never taken it up since, and to-day he and his critic are as good friends as ever. Still more recently—and it is this that prompts these paragraphs—a young woman in a Western convent (a total stranger, by the way) sent to the editor of a weekly paper in this city two poems, on which she asked an opinion—an honest, critical opinion. Rashly, as he thought, he wrote a long letter, giving his candid judgment that the verses were not meritorious enough to warrant the writer's devotion to the art of poetry. Instead of the 'scorcher' he half expected as a just punishment for his indiscretion, he received in a few days a letter which concluded with these words:—

I was deeply impressed with the fact that there is much kindly courtesy in this cold and wicked world of ours, which I would gladly dignify

with a better name—that of Christian charity; and I sincerely hope the good God who has promised a reward for a cup of cold water given in His name will know how to make an adequate return to you for the time and attention given me.

F. S. D. WRITES to me from Philadelphia:—'One hundred and nineteen papers by Thackeray first appeared in book form in America. Of these thirty have never been reprinted in England, and three others have only been imperfectly reprinted. In addition to this, thirty authentic papers have never been reprinted at all, either in England or America; not including a host of letters and drawings scattered about in various volumes and magazines.'

APROPOS of what I said some weeks since about certain lines in the *Atlanta Constitution*, beginning,

When you've got a thing to say  
Say it, etc.,

a writer in the *Atlanta Herald* declares it to be a matter of common knowledge that 'Mr. F. L. Stanton is the *Constitution's* poet-laureate and condenser of the very *crème de la crème* of all the fun floating about in the papers.' The betrayer of this open secret adds that the line

Don't you fill the whole blame paper

'sounded a little harsh as I sipped my breakfast coffee'; and yet the verses promptly re-appeared 'at the top of the column of fun in *The Christian Union*.'

THE story was told at the Whittier celebration that when the poet asked a farmer to whom he had lent a volume of Plato how he liked it, 'First rate,' said the farmer; 'I see he's got some of my ideas.'

### Lowelliana

THERE ARE THREE ODES, twenty-six lyrics and nine sonnets in the dainty little volume of 'Odes, Lyrics and Sonnets from the Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell,' which appeared in season to catch the eye of seekers after holiday gifts. Of the thirty-eight pieces, twelve were named by Mr. Lowell in the list of forty contained in his letter published in *The Critic* of Nov. 28. They are the 'Commemoration Ode' and 'Under the Old Elm,' and the following ten lyrics:—'An Incident in a Railroad Car,' 'Phœbe,' 'To the Dandelion,' 'The Nightingale in the Study,' 'Auf Weidersehen,' 'Beaver Brook,' 'Al Fresco,' 'Without and Within,' 'Aladdin' and 'The Courtin'.' There were no sonnets in Mr. Lowell's own list. The selection is a representative and pleasing one, the most striking omission being that of the exquisite lyric 'She Came and Went.' Lowell's characterization of himself in the 'Fable for Critics' is given on a fly-leaf. (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Dr. R. Heber Newton has preached three sermons within the past few weeks on lessons drawn from Lowell's life and writings. In one of these he said of the poet:—'He was a nineteenth-century Puritan, a Puritan in intellectual revolt against the forms of thought handed down from Calvin. Thus there was a spiritual and intellectual strife within him, the strife which is the peculiar experience of our age. In this he was at one with every great prophet of our generation, Matthew Arnold, Browning and Tennyson, Bryant and Whittier, and Emerson. Thus was he fitted to become the teacher of our age, which is constrained either to break forth from the cramping creeds of the churches and grow a new body of belief around its spiritual life or to expand and enlarge these forms of faith until they can cover the new thought of a new era.'

In the last sermon of the series he ventured this interpretation:—'As to Lowell's message of Christ there was no trace in his pages of the traditional Christ of the Church. Reverent through life toward the ancient forms which Lowell had long been trained to value, ere he came to die he had seen beneath them to the life that had first grown them and that still dwelt within them. Not without meaning was it that, Unitarian as he was, he left directions to be buried by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and with the burial office of that Church. Thus did he seem to say, if I can interpret him aright, that his free spiritual Christianity had learned to find itself at home within the old forms and to find the heart of the faith within the Catholic creeds.'

The *January Atlantic* has an article of peculiar interest on Lowell, by Henry James. It is largely devoted to the remarkable success of Mr. Lowell as Minister at London, where Mr. James knew him very intimately; and lays stress, in the words of the publisher, upon 'the greatness and charm and superlative patriotism which marked his character.'

Mr. George B. Merrill has reprinted in neat pamphlet form an appreciative paper on James Russell Lowell, read at the eighteenth annual meeting of the Harvard Club of San Francisco on Oct. 22,

## The Fine Arts

### The Architectural League's Exhibition

THE PRINCIPAL exhibits at the exhibition now open at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries are the drawings and details of the World's Fair Buildings at Chicago; the competitive designs, already described in *The Critic*, for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; and the drawings of the Madison Square Garden, which building has also been described in these columns. No one, we suppose, has expected that the World's Fair buildings would have any great architectural beauty. The designs are showy, elaborate, and, we do not doubt, provide adequately for the practical purposes to be served; but the specimens of architectural ornament shown with them are bad. The groups of sculpture by Mr. Carl Bitter and single figures by Mr. Philip Martiny are clever and perhaps quite good enough for the occasion, and so undoubtedly are Mr. Maynard's decorations. To the average visitor the decorative exhibit will, as usual, prove the most attractive part of the show. Besides the works just referred to it includes two excellent pieces of sculpture, a portrait bust of a lady, in plaster, by Mr. Edwin Elwell and a graceful bronze statuette of Diana by Mr. F. Mac Monnies. The latter reminds one a little of Mr. St. Gaudens's figure on the Madison Square Tower, but its action is better. Of a large number of oil-paintings and water-color drawings, Mr. La Farge's sketches from Samoa are perhaps the most interesting. There are pictures of native huts looking much like haystacks though planted about with huge pink flowers. The brown-skinned native girls spinning wreaths or singing with swaying arms and bodies or bringing presents of fruits and fowls in baskets of green palm-leaves evidently delighted the painter, who has made several clever drawings of them. Some designs for stained-glass and other decorative work by the same artist are very pleasing in color and composition. The room is divided into bays by twisted and gilded columns, brought from Venice by Mr. Stanford White, and one of these bays is filled by a remarkable collection of Spanish, Moorish, Dutch and Italian work in hammered and incised metal, belonging to Mr. A. W. Drake. Another is devoted to paintings of an impressionistic character by Messrs. J. H. Twachtman, Alden Weir and Theodore Robinson. Candelabra, hanging clocks and furniture of the first French Empire fill a third. The door is encased in modern Hindoo wood-carvings and antique Damascus tiles, and the opposite wall is covered by a finely preserved fifteenth century tapestry, loaned by Mrs. James Boorman Johnston. The next exhibition of the League will probably be held in the new building of the American Fine Arts Society, which, it is expected, will be finished in September.

### Art Notes

MR. ALFRED STEVENS'S 'Young Widow' has been engraved as the frontispiece of the *January Magazine of Art*. She is regarding her still piquant features in a mirror, while a mischievous Cupid creeps out from under the table. Mr. Fred Dickes finishes his demonstration that the 'Ambassadors,' in Holbein's picture so called, are the princes Otto Henry and Philipp von Wittelsbach. The Brothers Wiener and their medals of architectural subjects are the subject of an article by Mr. Fred Alvin. Mr. Walter Armstrong begins a description of the Dulwich gallery, and gives good woodcuts of the portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez and a landscape by Hobema. There are small portraits of the lately deceased MM. Ribot and Delaunay and Sir John Steell. The *Chronicle of Art* and *Monthly Record of American Art* are, as usual, full and interesting.

In the December number of *The Portfolio*, Mr. Hamerton introduces to his readers M. Alexander Nozal, one of the present leaders of the French landscape school, and gives a photogravure of a fine painting of 'Storm Clouds' which fully justifies his praises. In his concluding article on the 'Present State of the Fine Arts in France' he considers engraving, which he thinks is in a healthy condition, though French art, as a whole, suffers from the most complete anarchy. An etching by F. Slocombe, 'A Surrey Common,' and a photogravure after a water-color drawing by Joseph Nash of the interior of Bruges Cathedral, are the other principal contents of the number.

The Board of Estimate has refused the Metropolitan Museum's request for an increased appropriation.

Benjamin Rutherford Fitz, one of the most gifted of American painters, died suddenly, though after a lingering illness, at his home in Peconic, L. I., last Sunday morning. He was born in this city in 1855, studied at the Academy for several years and then went to Munich in 1880 for a course in the Royal Academy of Painting. There he took two medals. In 1885 he returned to New York and became connected with the Art Students' League as instructor and afterwards professor. The League, the National Academy, the American Water-Color Society, the Architectural League, and the



various other organizations of which he was a member, sent delegates to attend his funeral at Peconic on Tuesday. Mr. Fitz excelled both in portraiture and landscape-painting, his pictures of women being especially charming and satisfactory. Good as his work was, even better was expected from him in the future; and as he was particularly successful in imparting his skill and knowledge to others, his untimely death is doubly to be deplored.

### Mary E. Wilkins

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'QUAKER COUSINS'

[From an article in the December *Bookman*]

\* \* \* How it may be with others we know not, but we must confess to a feeling of reluctance in discussing personal matters relating to the writer of these tales. Not because we would not willingly know much about one who has given us a new and lasting pleasure, but rather because there is about these three little volumes a certain touch of a fine and delicate soul which turns curiosity away, a little shame-faced. The few words of preface to 'A Humble Romance' are spoken with such unassumed modesty, with such a retirement of the person behind the work, that we would accept that demure 'M. E. W.' gratefully, as all that is vouchsafed us. We know that Miss Wilkins is young, that she is New England descended, born, and bred, and further, that the few who have the privilege of being her friends recognize in her the mirror of the quiet humor, the pathos and the compassionate insight of her tales. It is told that Miss Austen used to hide the brilliant pages of 'Emma' and 'Pride and Prejudice' under a bit of blotting-paper. We could imagine that this little trick of the blotting-paper was Miss Wilkins's also, and we would not disturb the modest quiet which we feel sure enshrines the writer of 'A Far-Away Melody' and 'A New England Nun.'

Miss Wilkins gives in her tales variety in sameness, character after character, fresh in its originality, yet still of one type. She draws many pictures of the American girl—not the rather attenuated, smart person which we may meet fresh any month in Mr. Howells's pages—not the brilliant, omnipotent belle of fashionable life, but the fair, delicate, nervous, independent flower of New England, the girl who 'teaches school,' works at dressmaking, or on the farm, whose slender form and pink and white complexion cover a resolute will and sensitive nerves. But it is in her pictures of middle-aged women that Miss Wilkins excels, and she has done what no other writer has ever dared to do in making them the heroines of her stories. Whoever heretofore brought tears to the eyes over the small trials, the little heroisms and silent sorrows of old maids and hardworked wives? There is an endless gallery of these curious portraits of aged maids and matrons, drawn with all the detail and clearness of Holbein's old women. And how delightful they are!—the 'Old Arithmetician,' who sits up all night working out the problem which has baffled minister and school-master, and whose tender heart is torn with remorse over her neglected household duties; the poor 'Village Poetess,' dying meekly, broken-hearted, with her despaired verses in a tea-pot beside her. The gentle old Anne Millet, almost driven to unbelief by the loss of her cat—with what sympathy one reads of her mental struggles! What a breath of relief one draws when the cat is found, and we hear her lift up her voice in self-reproachful joy! 'I've been an awful wicked woman. I ain't been to meetin', an' I've talked an'— Them squashes I threw away! It's been so warm, they ain't froze, an' I don't deserve it—I hadn't orter hev one of 'em; I hadn't orter hev anything. I'd orter offer up Willy. Lor' sakes! think of me saying what I did an' him down cellar.' Then those two proud old sisters, who share one gala dress between them, hiding their poverty from their neighbors, yet incapable of lying, even when pressed by impudent curiosity—who does not rejoice when their vulgar enemy is brought to her knees over the 'sizzlin' fire-crackers?

The men of the stories are, as they would themselves express it, 'of less account' than the women; and they are more sparsely scattered through the pages, as they are in reality fewer in number in a country suffering so much from male emigration as New England. But where they appear, they fill the space appointed them with true masculine vigor.

Here is a new view, a fresh, sweetly-scented field of fiction, as racy of the soil as are Tourgenieff's short tales of Russian life. The thread of the narratives, however simple, always leads to some climax full and complete, leaving the reader satisfied, often taken by surprise, so skillfully hidden is the hand of Fate which guides it. The curtain descends without apparent signal, and one sentence frequently reveals the inevitable—often beautiful—solution. This young writer, dealing with the commonplaces of life, sees the eternal harmony of goodness explaining and softening all—in the homely doings, the potato settings, the dish washings, the going

to meetin'; and, amid all the ruthlessly exact details, there is a meaning which the divining eye of the poet sees. 'Like all common things,' says Miss Wilkins of 'Christmas Jenny's' candle, 'it had and was its own poem.' This might be the motto of all her writings, and her gift is that of Jean François Millet, to see the symbolism of homeliness, the sacred pathos of the daily toil of dutiful lives. When a writer is endowed with this power, it is not necessary to seek strange situations, monstrosities of character, or tortuous and complicated passions to excite emotion; and there is the comfortable sense of reserve power which might say more than it does. She rarely touches the ghastly or horrible. If she does, a vague detail, far reaching in its significance, is sufficient. Here is an instance: a charitable woman takes a pillow to a miserly sick old man and his wife, who live alone with a ruffianly underpaid farm-servant. She finds the house still and deserted; her growing terror is described when to her repeated calls no answer comes. 'The silence seemed to beat against her ears. She went across the kitchen to the bedroom. Here and there she held back her dress. She reached the bedroom and looked in.' No more is told, only how she sped homeward, arriving there half-fainting. 'Now tell me about it,' said Mrs. Ansel. 'What did you see first? What was you going there for?' 'To carry the pillow,' said Luella, pointing to it. 'I can't talk about it, Maria.' Mrs. Ansel went over to the lounge and took it up. 'Mercy sakes! What's that on it?' she cried in horror. 'I s'pose—I—hit it against the wall somehow,' Luella replied. 'I can't talk about it, Maria.' The horrible scene of the murder is somehow flashed upon us by that oblique stroke. Here is another swift and effectual touch. An honest young fellow has suddenly been dismissed from work by the foreman—no reason given. He stands with his handsome wife in the garden the same evening, and the foreman goes by. 'She was standing close to her husband clinging to his arm when he got to the front of the house, just when he had his eyes fixed full on her. She even leaned her head against David's shoulder. She knew why she did it, though her husband did not; she knew also why his foreman had turned him off, and this was her method of stabbing him for it.' In two lines, the key to the whole story.

Miss Wilkins paints the surroundings in her stories with much care and much felicity, and she knows how wisely to omit. She has the same careful eye for scenery as for moral niceties. The little vignettes of roadside and garden, field and sky, play their part in the picture as successfully as the 'foreground' in a fine etching. In 'The Solitary,' two figures, the big and surly misanthrope, and the half-starved, miserable carrier, stand out against a background of a snowy night. We see the snow-covered woods, the clearing sky before the oncoming of the bitter night, the hush of death as the frost deepens. 'The snow creaked underfoot; the air was full of sparkles, there were noises like guns in the woods, for the trees were almost freezing. The moon was full, and seemed like the very fire of death, radiating cold instead of heat.'

We might be tempted to compare these tales with the short tales of Mrs. Gaskell, which deal with the class of small farmers and working people of Lancashire. It would only be to point out the differences between them. The sombre coloring, the tragic speed and force of such tales as 'The Crooked Branch,' 'The Heart of John Middleton,' or the 'Sexton's Story,' are not here. Miss Wilkins's stories would not be true pictures of New England life if they were. American life is not tragic or sombre. The great future before it—the great prosperity of the American nation—determines the national mood and makes it cheerful, in spite of individual sorrows. American literature reflects a serene sky, and there is in it none of that deep undercurrent of passionate feeling born of the memories of oppression and struggle, a long history of endurance of evil, and battles lost and won, which flows under our best gaiety and content. Miss Wilkins's tales have the freshness of youth about them, though their theme may often be sad. Their pathos has in it a gentle sweetness, not far removed from happiness and hope.

### Current Criticism

MR. JAMES'S 'AMERICAN.'—I have quite recently witnessed a performance of Mr. Henry James's 'American,' at the Opéra Comique. The production of this work is, on the author's side, one of the most satisfactory signs it would be easy to discover. It is by no means a perfect play, and has in the first two acts many dull moments. The dialogue is really excellent all through, and it is only when it fails to be *dramatically* excellent that it grows tedious. On the printed page an effective retort may be set down a line or two after the words which provoked it have been spoken; but Mr. James has sometimes pursued this plan in his stage work, and a *replique*, really brilliant in itself, has passed unnoticed, and

indeed unintelligible, because of a speech interpolated between it and the phrase by which it was elicited. Some of the dialogue is humorous rather than witty, and the perception of humor is much rarer than that of wit. The playwright is, however, more severely handicapped by his players than by his own want of experience. \* \* \* I have no hesitation in saying that no finer acting part than that of Christopher Newman has been seen upon the stage within my memory. It does no discredit to a young, capable, and ambitious comedian to say that he has not at once grasped the significance of a character so strong, so subtle, and so varied. There are only two or three men living to whose hands a lover of fine work would be content to confide the part. Unhappily for the author, as stage matters are at present adjusted, it falls within none of the common classifications. It demands a high-class character actor, a *jeune premier*, a comedian, and a leading man, rolled into one. \* \* \* Christopher Newman, in the hands of Mr. Compton, is Hercules in the grip of Tom Thumb, and the aristocrats of the Faubourg are enlisted obviously from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. It is of course, in some sense, the fault as well as the misfortune of the dramatist that he has taken so little account of the poor aid the stage could render him. The workman of experience avails himself of the tools which lie to his hand; but a *succès d'estime* on the lines of 'The American' is worth, so far as the true interests of the stage are concerned, a thousand Gaiety or Adelphi booms. From quite another point of view, it is satisfactory to notice that Mr. James's instinct has taught him, if only for once, and if only as applied to the stage, the necessity for finishing a story.—David Christie Murray, in *The Contemporary Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LOVE FOR SCOTT.—Mr. Houghton, of the firm who published the Riverside Edition of Mr. Russell Lowell's writings, has confided to an interviewer the interesting fact that Lowell, who, just before he died, had been engaged in the pleasant task of re-reading Scott's novels, expressed a preference for 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' That is, perhaps, not a fancy shared by the majority of novel readers. But Lowell had at least one distinguished sharer of his taste. In the autumn of last year I had the good fortune to sit at dinner next to Mr. Gladstone, after he had delivered one of his speeches in the last Midlothian campaign. I had just reached Edinburgh, and on the previous night had been present at the first performance at the Lyceum of 'The Master of Ravenswood.' Hearing of that, Mr. Gladstone, forgetting the iniquities of Lord Salisbury's Government, turning aside from the embarrassment of the Scotch Church Establishment Question, then sorely pressing, forgetting for the moment even Home Rule, turned, and in his intensely eager manner wanted to know all about the play. He ran in succession through half a dozen of the most dramatic episodes in the novel, and asked how they were treated on the stage. Speaking generally of Scott's novels, which are as familiar to him as the details of the Irish Land Purchase Bill passed last session, he emphatically said, 'Of the long and fascinating list, "The Bride of Lammermoor" is to me the most perfect of Scott's romances.'—H. W. L., in *London Letter to the Tribune*.

LITERATURE AND THE BIBLE.—Yesterday afternoon [Nov. 31] at University Hall, Gordon Square, the best known of the Cambridge University Extension Lecturers, R. G. Moulton, M.A., of Christ's, gave his opening lecture on the literary study of the Bible. It was a triumph of elocution, of simplicity, and good sense, and explained at once the greatness of Mr. Moulton's reputation in our large Northern towns, in mining villages, in the United States, and wherever else he has been heard. Mr. Moulton has a rich and flexible voice, an earnest and simple manner, and a happy subject, new to most readers and students. Though the writer of this short notice is an Agnostic, he can honestly say that he never listened to a lecture better delivered than Mr. Moulton's, or one which gave him greater pleasure. Claiming for the English Bible the place of a great English classic, Mr. Moulton declared that it could be studied as literature, quite independent of doctrine and dogma. \* \* \* He then passed to the Parallelism of Hebrew, which though 'obvious'—that is, in practice, 'too close to be seen'—was too often overlooked, and gave instances of it in the couplet, triplet, quatrain—these, simple, reverse and double reversed—and the envelope figure. He then showed how the study of form helped the interpretation of the Bible, as in the 'Song of the Sword' (Genesis iv., 23-4).

I have slain a man to my wounding  
And a young man to my hurt,

where the parallelism proves that only one man is meant, and there is no need for the ancient legend of the old commentators, that the blind Lamech induced a youth who led him to shoot Cain, and then shot the youth too. Again, in the Lord's Prayer, the words 'in

earth as it is in heaven' are generally taken to apply only to 'Thy will be done,' whereas the parallel arrangement shows that they apply also—as adverbs of place and manner—to the two prior clauses:—

Our Father, which art in heaven:  
Hallowed be Thy name,  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
In earth as it is in heaven.

\* \* \* The reporter wishes that he could call up to his readers the rich tones, the admirable elocution, and the earnest manner of the lecturer whose hour's extempore speech obliges him to ask the editor for the insertion of this poor note of it.—Dr. F. J. Furnivall in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.—At the time of his death it was gratefully accounted for righteousness to Mr. James Russell Lowell that he had done much to promote cordial and brotherly relations between this country and the United States, particularly in all that pertains to literature. The fact that stress was laid on Mr. Lowell's philanthropy in this line shows there was at least a latent conviction in the public mind that the feeling of the two countries towards each other was not always such as the best friends of both would desire to see it. And, indeed, the impartial must admit that in the past the displays of asperity and petty jealousy were a great deal too frequent. \* \* \* American critics no doubt find much to censure in the works of English writers, even as English critics do in the works of American writers. But to scold is injudicious. To get angry because America is not England or England America is absurd, yet it is an absurdity which is not uncommon. By all means let each country be loyal to its own ideals, true to its own standards. Literature is a wide term, and includes things of various merits and different kinds. There is no stereotyped pattern for great books, nor is excellency all of one sort. There is no need to fall out because Miss Murfree does not write Scottish romances, nor Mr. Stevenson studies of character in the Smoky Mountains. As it takes all sorts of people to make a world, so it takes many kinds of books to make up the sum of literature. When critics clear their minds of prejudice and judge with fairness and candor, it will be found that there are many admirable books being produced on both sides of the Atlantic.—*The Publishers' Circular*.

THE IRREVERENT AMERICAN HUMORIST.—To the American humorist nothing is sacred—old age, infirmity, suffering, even death. He reminds us of the urchin Mr. T. A. Trollope tells of, who, during the funeral obsequies of some high magnate of the Church, diverted himself with hiding beneath the bier and producing ghastly effects on the dead man's countenance by tugging at the pall. Skulls are designated as grinning. The grin seems often to be all that appeals to the American humorist; and the grin he gets up in answer is ghastlier than the one it mocks at. It resembles that blood-curdling leer induced by the undertaker, in one of Bret Harte's stories, on the face of a dead man, in lieu of the seraphic smile he was wont to fix on the countenances of the defunct, at so much a head, for the consolation of the survivors. Mark Twain's travelling jest, the sleepy, slow, reiterated question, in the Colosseum and elsewhere, with regard to old-time worthies whose memorials he was viewing, 'Is he dead?'—falls on us as it did on the Roman guide, who, as the perpetrator of the pleasant complacently remarks, could not 'master the subtleties of the American joke.' The awful memories of the place seem to turn the laugh against it, and it dies away in a faint, unmeaning cackle. Charles Lamb would laugh at a funeral, it is true, but Elia's laugh was never out of keeping with the most tragical suggestion. Our English humorist, too (for his image seems to rise before one as a relief from the kind of humor we are considering), would never have employed his wit on such a subject say, for instance, as the Siamese Twins; or, if he had, his most reckless mockeries would have been still underlaid by his own peculiar current of sympathy. \* \* \* A nation that can boast the names of Holmes, Bret Harte, and the yet dearer one to England of Lowell, whose genuine exhibitions of humor have added a new and peculiar feature to the intellectual enjoyments of mankind (which did not know what humor could effect till it ran 'helter-skelter into Yankee'), can afford to hear now and again a dissentient note amid the general chorus of appreciation.—*The Speaker*.

## Notes

WITH this number *The Critic* begins its twelfth year. As the paper has been published uninterruptedly from the start, it has been decided to drop the words 'New Series' from the date-line on the first (outside) page, together with the sub-title *Good Liter-*



*ature*. The 'New Series' began with the consolidation of *The Critic* and *Good Literature* at the beginning of 1884, but as the words give a misleading impression that there has been a break in the continuity of *The Critic's* existence, it is thought best to cease printing them. The number in the date-line this week (515) is the whole number, beginning with *The Critic's* first issue, Jan. 15, 1881.

—There was little or no change in Walt Whitman's condition on Monday. The only nourishment that he took was a small mutton-chop, which was the most solid food he had eaten since he was taken ill. The nurse who had been attending him continually, having become worn out, was replaced by a new one, Dr. Bucke, the poet's friend and biographer, left for his home in Canada. Mr. Whitman is the subject of the frontispiece in the *Arena* for January, and of a critical sketch by D. G. Watts.

—The twenty-fifth volume of *Harper's Bazar*, beginning to-day, will contain a new serial by Walter Besant entitled 'The Ivory Gate.' Thomas Hardy's new story, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' will be published in book form by Harper & Bros. early this month.

—Ticknor & Co. of Boston announce as in preparation, to be sold by subscription, a work on 'The Norman Monuments of Palermo and Environs,' by Arne Dehli and G. H. Chamberlain, architects.

—Prof. Boyesen, of Columbia will begin at the Brooklyn Institute next week the following series of Tuesday afternoon lectures:—Jan. 5 'Victor Hugo' (with personal reminiscences), Jan. 12 'The French Novel,' Jan. 19 'Realism and Romanticism,' Jan. 26 'The Russian Novelists and Nihilists,' Feb. 2 'Ibsen and Björnson' and Feb. 9 'George Eliot.'

—Mr. W. J. Henderson will deliver a course of six university lectures on 'Musical History' before the students of Columbia College, on consecutive Monday afternoons, at 4 o'clock, beginning March 7.

—Mr. H. H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, is spending the winter in Mexico with his family. He went there to rest, but President Diaz has persuaded him to write an account of the resources and development of the country for publication in Spanish and English, in time for the World's Fair.

—Referring to W. L.'s note of inquiry on page 326 of *The Critic* of Dec. 5, Mr. John Bartlett, compiler of the famous 'Familiar Quotations,' writes to us as follows:—'I have a letter from Mr. Henry S. Washburn, and I give below an extract.' This is the extract, and it ought to settle the question:—'I am not the author of "The Grave of Bonaparte." I have said this through the press several times in the last half-dozen years; three times in the *Transcript*, and once each in *The Congregationalist*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*, N. Y.'

—M. Auguste Vacquerie shows that since 1885—the year of Hugo's death—the public have paid about \$1,483,673 for the different editions of his works. The highest prices were realized by 'Les Misérables,' which was issued by two publishers in a cheap form.

—L. Prang & Co. issue a 'Mother Goose Calendar,' with a background gracefully composed and colored in delicate and pleasing tints by Miss Laura C. Hills. In an accompanying 'Art Note' they ask 'How many children know that Mother Goose was a real American grandmother, one Mrs. Goose, who lived at Boston at the beginning of the eighteenth century?' Few children know this, though a good many probably would if it were so. That it is not so was pointed out in *The Critic* only a few weeks ago.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that it is reported that Tank Kee, a cultivated Chinaman, who is lecturing throughout the United States on his native land, has given a library of 38,000 volumes to the University of Texas. Some of the books are old manuscripts, but the most of them are in English print. They all refer to China, and are 'valued at \$120,000 to \$150,000.'

—C. S. P. writes from Buffalo:—'Permit me to point out an error in *The Critic* of Nov. 21, where, in concluding a notice of Mr. Ziegler's Pennsylvania-German poems, 'Draus un Daheim,' you describe the book as 'a first attempt to make this interesting German-American dialect the vehicle of literary expression.' An earlier and, if I may speak my opinion, a more successful attempt, is to be found in the poems of the late Heinrich Harbaugh, D.D. (1817-67), of Reading, published in 1870 under the title of "Harbaugh's Harfe." These are but fifteen in number; yet their range, from lively humor to real pathos, is considerable. Altogether, they are charming in a way and to a degree which I will not here presume to describe.'

—Here is the summing up of 'A Consequence of Co-education,' by Albert P. Jacobs, in the December number of *The Inlander*, a

college magazine founded at the University of Michigan by the Class of '91:—

The admission of women [twenty years ago] was soon followed by a decline in the attendance upon the University; by a considerable decline in the numbers attending the literary department; by a large decrease in the male academic attendance; by a serious and still continuing diminution in the number of male classical students; and by a noticeable reduction in the annual number of male academic graduates, many classes being smaller than their predecessors of ten or fifteen years before. The medical department, where many women have studied, has lost men; while the law school and the school of pharmacy, two schools which few women enter, show large growth.

—One of the best known figures in Parisian journalism was removed last week by the death of Albert Wolff, dramatist, art-critic and one of the owners of *Figaro*. He was born in Cologne in 1835, but had spent the greater part of his life in Paris. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War—a war between the land of his nativity and that of his adoption—he went to Brussels, but returned to the French Capital after peace was restored, and became naturalized. As a young man he established himself in the good graces of Villemessant by his cleverness as a writer, and became his substitute as chief editor of *Figaro*, subsequently inheriting the paper, with three other members of the staff, when Villemessant died. He was at one time private secretary to the elder Dumas. He wrote a number of successful books and plays; beginning when he was twenty or twenty-one; and for years he had contributed a special article to *Figaro* every week.

—Alfred Cellier, the composer, is dead. For years he had been the musical director of several London theatres. His 'Masque of Pandora,' a musical setting of Longfellow's poem, was performed in Boston and this city about ten years ago, with Blanche Roosevelt as the star. In 1886 his most successful work, 'Dorothy,' began a two years' run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It was not a success in this country. Mr. Cellier had composed several other operettas, in conjunction with B. C. Stephenson, which have had runs in London. 'The Mousetraps,' written by him and W. S. Gilbert, was to have been produced in London on Thursday evening.

—Dr. Titus Munson Coan has been discovered by *The Author*, the organ of the Society of (English) Authors. The Society had contemplated the organization of a bureau of revision as a part of its own work.

We have heard, however, that the Americans have been before us with such a Bureau. It is now nine years since the New York Bureau of Literary Revision and Criticism has been established. It professes to give 'unbiased and competent criticism' both for publishers and authors. It offers to revise MSS. for the press and to 'edit' them, which must mean, in many cases, to re-write them. And it offers to give advice to those in search of a publisher. Its fees are elastic, as in such kind of work would be necessary. To give an opinion or to give advice would be easy. But about revising MSS., editing them, passing them through the press; what fee would be asked? When the work was done, whose name would appear on the title-page? \* \* \* Again, it seems as if there must be a delicate line where revision ends and authorship begins. One can quite understand a man rendering such little assistance to a young writer as would make all the difference between success and failure, and yet leave him the actual author of the thing. But with a slovenly, ill-constructed, badly put together lump of writing, which has to be pulled to pieces and then re-arranged and re-written, where is your author? Not the first hand on it, certainly. \* \* \*

—A copy of the first edition of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' brought 20*l.* at Christie & Manson's, the other day.

—The death of Mrs. Kingsley recalls the part she took in preparing her husband's literary work. She wrote most of his books from dictation, while 'Alton Locke,' which was written during her illness, was copied for the press by her hand.

—The newly found copy of Mrs. Browning's 'Battle of Marathon,' to which reference has been made in these columns, has found a final resting-place, having passed into the library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Society—a library which already contains the finest known copy of Robert Browning's 'Pauline,' filled with its author's handwriting. The price paid for the 'Marathon' was 50*l.*

—Marion Harland's new novel, 'His Great Self,' a story of colonial Virginia, with characters drawn from the life, is in the press of J. B. Lippincott Co.

—Director-General Davis has received from a manufacturing firm an offer to deposit with any one he may designate \$5000 as a prize for the best poem or song, to be read or sung at the opening ceremonies of the World's Fair, the contest to be open to the world, and the prize to be awarded to the writer by a committee to be selected by the commission. He will at once place the proposition before the proper committee.

—The Modern Language Association has been holding its annual meeting in Washington this week. The Folk-Lore Society held its annual meeting in the same city on Tuesday.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1646.—Can you tell me anything about J. H. Thom? I have seen but a single small volume of his, which I took from a library; but he has wonderful spiritual perception, of the kind that I value far beyond literary ability.

THE MOOSILAUK, BREEZY POINT, N.H.

L. L.

#### ANSWERS

1638.—'One Day at Arle' is published in the volume by Frances Hodgson Burnett, called 'Surly Tim, and Other Stories,' Charles Scribner's Sons.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

S.C.D.

1642.—The lines quoted by M. L. F., writing from Leamington, England, in *The Critic* of Oct. 31, are part of a poem by Miss Sarah Williams ('Sadie') of London, who before her early death in 1868 had given unmistakable evidences of a very delicate, pure and contemplative genius. The volume of her poems entitled 'Twilight Hours: A Legacy of Verse,' was published in the year of her death by Messrs. Strahan & Co., London, and contained a slight, but interest-

ing, memoir by Dean Plumptre, whose pupil she had been in her girl hood.

BALTIMORE, MD.

L. T.

1643.—'A Few Words about Robert Browning' was written by Mr. Leon H. Vincent (a nephew of Bishop J. H. Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church), and is printed by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia.

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

F. T.

### Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Allen, G. The Duchess of Powysland. 35c.	Boston: B. R. Tucker.
Betham-Edwards, M. A North Country Comedy. \$1.25.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Byars, W. V. The Tempting of the King. \$1.	St. Louis: C. W. Alban & Co.
Chambers's Encyclopedia. Vol. VIII. \$3.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Cruikshank, J. R. and C. The Cruikshankian Momus. London: John C. Nimmo.	
Cruikshank, G. The Humorist. 4 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.	
Farquhar, G. Dramatic Works. Ed. by A. C. Ewald. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.	
Garnier, E. The Soft Porcelain of Sévres. London: John C. Nimmo.	
Gordon, H. L. Feast of the Virgins, and Other Poems. \$1.50.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Graham, P. A. Nature in Books. London: Methuen & Co.	
Green Bag, The. Vol. III. Boston Book Co.	
Gunsaulus, F. W. Phidias, and Other Poems. \$1.25.	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Hall, C. C. Into His Marvellous Light. \$1.50.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Miller, E. Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. \$1.15.	Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Moore, T. Lalla Rookh. Ed. by F. F. Brown. \$1.	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Morley, M. W. Song of Life. \$1.25.	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Smith, C. Arithmetic for Schools. Macmillan & Co.	
Sosso, L. Poems of Humanity. \$1.	Sa. Francisco: E. B. Griffith & Sons.
Tennyson, A. Idylls of the King. Ed. by F. F. Brown. \$1.	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Washington, G. Writings of. Ed. W. F. Ford. Vol. XII. \$5.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
What Think Ye of Christ? 10c.	Confluence, Penn.

# The Critic

## A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

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Every year it becomes more difficult to keep tally of the increasing output of new books. During the past twelve months THE CRITIC has received about 400 more publications than in 1890; and it has noticed some 350 more than last year—in all 1774, not including periodicals. To do this it has been necessary to enlarge the paper to one-third more than its former size, the additional amount of reading-matter printed since October 1 being about 60,000 words. The increased cost of such an enlargement is realized by few readers, and it is mentioned only to show the publishers' determination to do more, rather than less, than is required by their tacit understanding with subscribers. As THE CRITIC grows in prosperity it will grow in interest and value, however long it may take to fully realize the ideal its editors have before them.

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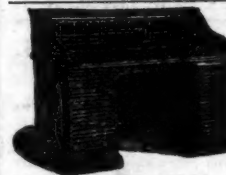
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